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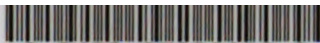
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**A BOOK
OF
GREEK VERSE**

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A
BOOK OF GREEK VERSE

BY

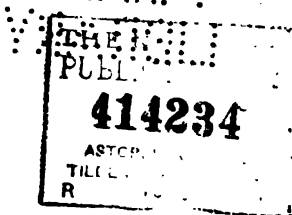
WALTER HEADLAM
LITT.D., FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE

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TO
HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER
IN AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE

PREFACE

THIS volume may I hope please those who care for poetry, whether they know Greek or not, and at the same time help to give a truer notion of what Greek poetry was like. The specimens translated range from the 7th century B.C. (its earliest surviving lyric) to its latest utterance in the 6th century A.D., and with only one or two exceptions have been chosen solely for their merit, in some kind, as poetry. For the most part they are nearly in the order of their date; except that the three Latin pieces (pp. 229—239) are placed next to the Alexandrians, because it is to them that they belong in true relationship.

Interspersed among these are translations into Greek verse of various forms and dialects. It is enough that there are many people who find pleasure in such things. As connoisseurs, they taste and estimate the *Greekness* of them, exercising faculties which are partly artistic, partly critical, and enjoying their trained consciousness. And none enjoy such things more keenly than young students,—to whom old experience may have something new to show.

But they may venture, I believe, to claim a further literary value :—they can illustrate, as nothing else can do so vividly, affinities in thought and manner between writers in two different languages. Many of Heine's lyrics, for example, seem to me precisely like Greek 'Epigrams': their tendency, no doubt, is rather to be like those written in the Roman period, but some, too, are strikingly Callimachean. Heine was in fact steeped in the Greek Anthology and in Catullus; and I fancy that some of these translations, written for a Cambridge collection in 1904, have served to make this literary kinship recognised, for before that I had not seen any of his lyrics turned into Greek epigrams, while several have appeared from more than one hand since.—Another poet who owed much to Greek is Wordsworth, and a glance at pp. 217 and 219 will show how like Callimachus in manner are two lyrics which might fairly be considered most 'Wordsworthian.' I should like it to be felt that Signor Ferrari's *ballatina* on p. 12, of which Carducci said that Petrarch, were he living, would not be ashamed of it, is just such a little piece as Sappho might have written; and that Victor Hugo's *Guitare*, that fine and moving poem in *Les Rayons et les Ombres*, is one to which Theocritus would have been glad to put his name.—On other pieces I have said something in the Notes.

And thus, if made discreetly, they should be able to reflect some counter-light on Greek itself.

Only, we must use discrimination, and take care that what we choose for rendering into Greek shall really bear the stamp of Greek in style and sentiment. Not seldom one may see Greek made to say what certainly it never would have said, and to compose in metres which no Greek would ever have adopted for the purpose; for the Greeks were peculiarly sensitive to propriety of metre. However great their skill of execution, such performances are valueless, because they are artistically wrong; indeed they may be worse than valueless, because misleading.

Now I will take occasion to make some remarks upon translating from the Greek in general. Not a few of these originals have been described as 'untranslatable.' It is a term that piques one:—but I think it is applied too readily; and once applied, a term like that is apt to be repeated lightly and become a superstition. There is a sense, of course, in which everything is untranslatable. A man may write what is as good, or even better than the original, but from the nature of the case it cannot ever be precisely the same thing; and there are even moments when one feels it something of a desecration to translate at all. But that is surely overscrupulous, a weakness which, if all had yielded to it, would certainly have left the world—imagine how much poorer!

Hard to translate may be conceded, to the last degree of difficulty; but *untranslatable* ought not to be said unless the conditions in some special case

preclude translation. I believe there are such cases ; but I believe also that the conditions can be more or less defined, and that the definition will be found both true and useful.

Translation with success is always possible when in the translator's language there exists a native form and manner corresponding: when there exists no such model, then, but only then, translation may perhaps be sometimes called impossible. Why is it that we have no really satisfactory translation of Homer? Simply because there is no native Homer in our tongue, no corresponding model which embraces all the necessary qualities.

Homer wrote, as we know, in a perfectly developed form of Verse, and any rendering which omits that element of beauty and emotion can but give us at the best a somewhat shadowy Homer. Still, in spite of this, the version which in our day has been most generally accepted is undoubtedly the prose of Messrs Butcher and Lang and Leaf and Myers ; and that is not because it is more accurate in detail, though it is that also, but because the nearest congeners of Homer in our language are the Bible and the *Morte d'Arthur* and, what have now become familiar to us, the prose Sagas of the Norse. An English reader recognises a prose Homer, and is ready to adopt him in the family.

The other most conspicuous absence, when we think of our translated verse, is Pindar ; and the

reason is the same—in English there is nothing native corresponding to that form of composition. But when there does exist a native model fully corresponding, a translation in that manner has a place prepared for it; success or failure will depend upon the execution. There is surely no more close affinity, historical and spiritual and artistic, than between the great dramatic speech of Aeschylus and Sophocles and the heroic language and blank verse of our Elizabethan Dramatists and Milton: there we have the instrument, and only want the player's touch.

But sometimes the original may have to wait until there is a vessel to transfer it into. Thus it would not have been possible, perhaps, to translate Plato adequately until recent times, until, thanks largely to Ruskin—whose own style, as I suspect, owed more to Plato than he was himself conscious of—our prose had mastered all that flexible variety of tones and powers, as ease, lucidity, precision, humour, grace, urbanity and eloquence, together with what may be called, perhaps, modernity of tone, which Jowett in our time has used upon the whole so admirably. The translations here from Ibycus (p. 27) and from the second chorus of the *Antigone* (p. 113) may or may not be done in the right manner, but they could not have been written as they are until the metres used had been developed and perfected by Mr Swinburne, and made at once as native and familiar in every ear as though they had been from the beginning. There

are marvellous wonders many ; but when I consider this achievement in our language at so late a stage of it, there is no greater marvel that I know than this.

A novel form may sometimes be acclimatized by a translation—FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám, for example—but it must be based on what is genuine and native, or it will inevitably come as something of a foreigner. And we must remember that the Greek original was not a foreigner. The forms and metres were of native growth, and the utmost elaborations of Greek lyric were evolved out of the simple rhythms which it naturally sang in. Thus the mind was not preoccupied, engrossed, distracted with the curious oddity of strange exotic forms, but so far disengaged that it was open to emotional impressions. It would be an easy thing to imitate the forms of metre that Greek used ; it only needs mechanical dexterity. But art is one thing, and mechanical dexterity another : art considers the effect, and though there may be superficial accuracy in the imitation, the effect will often be entirely different. To give one instance only, a great number of the Choral songs in Tragedy are based upon this formula :

That killed the Cat,
Worried the Rat,
Lay in the House that Jack built.

- Tragic songs like that in English would be ludicrous ; but not in Greek—for one thing, because the length

and accent of the words is different. This is what makes English hexameters so different from Greek, —and so distressing.

We are to write, then, in native English metre ; now the question is, What metre shall it be ? And that is a most important matter, for the choice of metre by itself may be enough to make or mar a thing decisively. A metre sets at once the tone and mood of a whole piece. (The same metre may of course be used with various movements ; and a style of diction will differentiate it further ; when I say 'a metre,' I include such modifications.) It will strike a key, and tune the reader's mind to it. This is owing partly to the metre's own inherent nature, and partly to the purposes for which it has been used. The subjects, and the spirit of them, will be stored up somewhere in the reader's memory, and however little he may be conscious of it, the metre and its themes will be associated in his mind together. I can well believe it may be otherwise in languages which have no great body of indigenous literature in the background, but in such a language as our own, with long-inherited traditions, a metre will come charged with memories of what has been conveyed in it,—the scent still hanging round the vase.

I could not doubt, for instance, that the *Harvest Home* of Theocritus should be done into rhymed couplets. These, if used in the right way, are the appropriate metre for romantic narrative and dialogue

the metre used in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, in Milton's *Comus* and *Vacation Exercise* and *Arcades*,—among which are some of the most lovely verses in the language,—afterwards, for like purposes, adopted by Leigh Hunt and Keats and Shelley, and since then by William Morris. Any reader not illiterate will have at least some parts of this tradition in his memory, and the metre will transport him to those regions; it will seem to set the whole scene in the distance and invest it with a golden haze and glow.

Leigh Hunt, though so ardent a champion of the couplet, chose to do this poem in blank verse, and so did Calverley; but blank verse, even of consummate excellence, would not, I think, be capable of uniting just the virtues that are wanted here; whereas rhymed couplets can assume a rich luxuriousness, and at the same time move, as blank verse cannot, with a light and continuous rapidity.

Rhymed couplets, however, would not suit that other poem of Theocritus, *The Magic Wheel*. They are well fitted to convey a mood of wistful retrospect and longing, plaintive regret, or dreamy pensiveness; but for this fine semi-lyric monologue their wing, it seemed to me, has hardly sweep and vehemence enough. The metre chosen for it has become, through Tennyson, the established vehicle for poems of this class. It admits a great variety of movement, and

its tone can be direct and passionate, lyrical or narrative, and if need be, colloquial.

Horace's *Dialogue* has to my mind all the flavour of the 18th century—that Gallicising age whose modes were set by French and Latin, and in which Augustan literature was at many points so faithfully reflected: and I thought the spirit and movement of these verses would be well conveyed in the graceful metre used with so much charm by Matthew Prior. Two of his pieces are the perfection of *vers de société*,—the *Ode*:

Fair Chloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I sung, and gazed: I play'd and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled:—

and the delightful tribute *To a Child of Quality aged Five*:

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordain'd—would Fate but mend it!—
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

The parallel is close, for Horace is adopting a Greek metre, while Prior's, with its double rhymes, is French.—The remaining pieces may be left to plead their own cause for themselves, with the assistance of their neighbours in the other language.

The first thing, then, is to select the metre wisely, or it may attune the reader's mind to the wrong key; to hit on the right form is half the battle. Then we

must remember that Greek poets, besides writing native metre, also wrote it well; and therefore we shall not be fair to them unless we can succeed in writing what is really verse. The critics are too lenient in this respect; but now, with Aristophanes from Mr Rogers and Euripides from Mr Murray, the quality expected should be higher.—I admit that I owe something to this leniency, for some early crude attempts of mine at Meleager were received more favourably than they deserved; their shallowness of rhythm and general immaturity was such that long ago, if possible, I would have had them blotted out entirely.—Estimate as English verse on its own merits that which passes commonly for good translation, and too often you will find that the blank verse is in the very style of Ancient Pistol—

That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

—and that the lyric fails to sing, or is not even capable of being read aloud. Greek verse was written for the voice and for the ear, and what we represent it by should be at least organic verse and, in the lyric, suitable for singing. By *organic* I mean *live throughout*, not halt and palsied or disjointed, but a thing with nerves and pulse, which 'feels its life in every limb,' that moves with elasticity, and gains from being read aloud.

Campbell had a fine sense for a song—too rare in

English—and I could not refrain from printing here his rendering of Hybrias the Cretan, because it is among the very few translations from the Greek which wholly satisfy my own ideal; it is faithful both to letter and to spirit, and it is a real organic song.

The more elaborate forms of lyric stanza were composed on the same plan as modern music—out of *figures* or *phrases*; only that instead of being rhythmic and melodic both, the figures in the *verse*, of course, were only rhythmic. But these rhythmic elements alone, without the music, carried in themselves traditionary and conventional significances; and they were used as *motives* are in operatic music now, developing and lapsing into one another. If you analyse these compositions, they reveal effects of most surprising subtlety and beauty. But alas, in later times the secret of this fascinating art was wholly lost. Seneca supposed these woven phrases to be merely a chance jumble, strung together at haphazard; and—what is truly a distress to think of—Milton, with his love for music, took no other view than Seneca. Had Milton only known the true construction of Greek Choral Song, we may be sure that instead of the mistaken imitations in the *Samson Agonistes* he would at least have given us inventions no less beautiful than the stanza of the *Hymn on the Nativity*.

That still remains our way of writing music, but

it is not our way of writing lyric verse, and if we were to imitate it at all closely, the result before an English audience would be blank and meaningless. However, we possess in compensation a device which Greek did not, and which is far from being inefficient for the purpose. The device of Rhyme can give us not a little of the same effect. If rightly used, it serves to mark the periods of a stanza—what in music we should call the *phrasing*—and delineate the shape; and thus provides us with a very fair equivalent.

Valuable, however, as rhyme is, it makes translation very much more difficult. Indeed with Choral lyrics, such as these of Aeschylus and Sophocles, when what you are to say is limited by the original, and how you may express it limited by rhyme; when what is said has so much meaning and significance, and there is a pair of *strophes* to be matched with periods corresponding and both shaped with rhyme into organic stanzas capable of being sung—I do not know another task which makes so heavy a demand on all resources.

There is a considerable element of chance in rhymes, mere luck—unless indeed (and I incline to this opinion) they are living sprites, with some strange freakishness about them. One may feel exactly how a sentence ought to run, and rhyme will either grant it or deny it merely on some unaccountable caprice. The epigram of Callimachus on p. 219 was permitted, for some reason, to go straight into the narrowest

limits, proper names and all ; whereas a couplet on p. 203 should properly have run :

And I will have two shepherds pipe to me,
Acharnian one, and one from —;

and rhyme, which might so harmlessly have granted it, refused. It is not always a translator's fault if his translation will not quite come off successfully ; he may be baffled merely by the accident that rhyme is lacking. Here, indeed, is another reason why the thing may be 'impossible' ; but this is only true of single sentences or pieces not much longer.

As for the other element of poetic form, the style of Diction, there is less that need be said. One thing—it is a pity—we must be content to sacrifice ; we cannot write in local Dialect. The associations it will bring with it are too specific. We might be tempted to represent the broad Sicilian Doric of Theocritus by Lincolnshire or Somerset or Scottish, but if we do, we shall find that we have turned Menalcas into Hob or Sandy. A slight cast of unspecific raciness will serve the purpose better.

To feel all the subtle delicacies and fine shades, and to distinguish what was individual and striking from what was general and unremarked, requires, of course, an intimate experience ; and to express them perfectly in every style a man would need to have a perfect mastery and command of both the languages, with all the chords. But the main thing

is to seize on the essential, and to feel what tells, to judge what must be said and what can be omitted. For example, on p. 216 the point is in the 'untrodden ways,' and would be given sufficiently without the 'springs of Dove'; on p. 224 'Wie'n Zöfchen' is not wanted, and the '*white* hand' can be spared on p. 226. In Greek, two things which are essential are to make the right connexions logically, and to place the words in the right order of their emphasis—and that is not the same order as in English, but just the contrary.

No fault, perhaps, is commoner, and none, probably, is harder to avoid, than *over-translating*. The translator's love for the original is fond and jealous, and he is inclined, I fancy, to regard the details with a somewhat feverish and exaggerating eye, which fixes too intently upon single words and tends to magnify them out of due proportion: every metaphor will meet him at its freshest value, and in every word he will perceive its origin and etymology; no epithet, but he must give it the most vivid colour; he will heighten every tone, and so disturb the balance of the picture. Double epithets, for one thing, were the normal use in Greek—*εὐδενδρος* *wooded*, *πολυστεφής* *garlanded*; but they are exceptional in English, and to say *well-wooded*, *many-garlanded* will raise them to a higher power than they usually carried.

If English ought not to be overdone, still less ought Greek. But it is no uncommon thing to see quatrains like those of Wordsworth and Heine done,

even by good scholars, into as many lines as the original. That is to be just twice too long. The Greek elegiac couplet, with its four *caesurae*, corresponds exactly, both in length and movement, to a simple stanza of that kind; and to expand it into double is to be verbose with the exuberance of Byzantine volubility. One should study rather to compress: *Ich grolle nicht* on p. 246 loses nothing by being done into six lines, and to do it into eight would spoil its character. It is the appearance on a printed page which is deceptive; the arrangement of the verses and the accident of type makes English *look* much longer in comparison: it is about the same length really, only it uses a greater number of short words.

Greek, in my experience, is easier to write than English; you have only to speak simply, with the words in the right places and due care for logic and for rhythm, and the language then seems somehow to put on a charm and beauty of its own. It is more than any quality of neatness merely—what is terse and definite and lucid and concise; it is complete harmonious grace and unsuperfluous adequacy, the knit strength and quiet beauty of an athlete. But translate it literally, and the charm is apt to vanish like a perfume that escapes,—to English taste especially, because the tendency of English is to be redundant and diffuse, to load with ornament and colour, and to overcloud with varied and obscuring

imagery. A translator, therefore, has a strong temptation to embellish what he fears may seem too flat and bald. But that should be resisted. As in sculpture, so in poetry, the characteristic of Greek Art was its melodious outline, and it is a grave artistic sin to falsify so cardinal a feature.

Not indeed that Greek was utterly without its ornate style; the Choral Lyric was ornate, and in the Bacchanalian Dithyramb the florid and flamboyant was cultivated to extravagance; and Tragedy, deriving from the Lyric Choir, inherited to some extent its heightened style of diction: but for the most part no one needs to be reminded that Hellenic Graces were not clad in gorgeous draperies, but rather as the lily of the field; and it is an infirm taste that dare not offer a lily without painting it. No doubt it will be hard for the translator to make sure of offering a lily, but it should be possible by means of melody and well-chosen words.—I cannot tell how far my own attempts may seem to have succeeded, but these are principles and standards that I should wish both mine and others' to be judged by.

A few of them have seen the light before—Catullus' *Hymn to Diana* in the *Academy* of 1885, Horace's *Dialogue*, the two Odes of Sappho, Simonides' *Danae*, three epigrams of Callimachus and two of Meleager in the *Saturday Review*.

The first 48 pages, which were the most trying, have gained much from being read by Mr Gilbert

Murray, for whose kind and delicate criticisms I am very grateful. In almost every case I felt that he had laid his finger on a blemish, and I have done my best to act upon suggestions which I value highly.

εἶπεν στεφάνους ἐλαφρόν· ἀναβάλλεο· Μοῖσά τοι
 κολλᾷ χρυσὸν ἔν τε λευκὸν ἐλέφανθ' ἀμᾷ
 καὶ λείριον ἄνθεμον ποικίλ' ὑφειλοῖς' ἑύρσας.

May this Garland be acceptable to readers who already know that perfect language, and perhaps tempt some to make their first essay at learning it.

W. H.

August, 1907

Ἄγε δὴ, χέλυ διά μοι,
φωνάεσσα γένοιο.

Η.

Ι

Οὐ μ' ἔτι, παρθενικαὶ μελιγάρνες ἰμερόφωνοι,
γυῖα φέρην δύναται· βάλε δὴ βάλε κηρύλος εἶην,
ὅστ' ἐπὶ κύματος ἄνθος ἄμ' ἀλκύνεσσι ποτῆται
νηλεγὲς ἦτορ ἔχων, ἀλιπόρφυρος εἶαρος ὄρνις.

Εὐδουσιν δ' ὀρέων κορυφαί τε καὶ φάραγγες,
πρώφονές τε καὶ χαράδραι,
φῦλά θ' ἐρπετὰ τόσσα τρέφει μέλαινα γαῖα,
θῆρές τ' ὀρεσκῶι καὶ γένος μελισσῶν
καὶ κνώδαλ' ἐν βένθεσσι πορφυρίας ἀλός·
εὐδουσιν δ' οἰωνῶν
φύλα τανυπτερύγων.

No more, O musical maidens with voices ravishing-
sweet!

My limbs fail:—Ah that I were but a ceryl borne
on the wing

Over the bloom of the wave amid fair young halcyons
fleet,

With a careless heart untroubled, the sea-blue
bird of the Spring!

The mountain-tops are asleep, and the mountain-
gorges,

Ravine and promontory:

Green leaves, every kind of creeping things

On the breast of the dark earth, sleep:

Creatures wild in the forest, wandering bees,

Great sea-monsters under the purple sea's

Dark bosom, birds of the air with all their wings

Folded, all sleep.

Φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν
 ἔμμεν' ὦνῆρ, ὅστις ἐνάντιός τοι
 ἰζάνει καὶ πλάσιον ἄδῃ φωνεί-
 σας ὑπακούει

καὶ γελαίσας ἱμέροεν· τό μοι μὰν
 καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόασεν·
 ὥς σε γὰρ φίδω βρόχε', ὥς με φώνας
 οὐδὲν ἔτ' εἴκει·

ἀλλὰ καμ μὲν γλώσσα φέαγε, λῆπτον δ'
 αὐτικά χρω πῦρ ὑπαδεδρόμακεν,
 ὀππάτεσσι δ' οὐδὲν ὄρημ', ἐπιρρόμ-
 βεισι δ' ἄκουαι·

ἀ δέ μ' ἵδρως κακχέεται, τρόμος δέ
 παῖσαν ἄγρει, χλωροτέρα δέ ποίας
 ἔμμι, τεθνάκην δ' ὀλίγω ἔπιδευῆν
 φαίνομαι

Blest beyond earth's bliss, with heaven I deem him

Blest, the man that in thy presence near thee
Face to face may sit, and while thou speakest,
Listening may hear thee,

And thy sweet-voiced laughter:—In my bosom

The rapt heart so troubleth, wildly stirred:
Let me see thee, but a glimpse—and straightway
Utterance of word

Fails me; no voice comes; my tongue is palsied;

Thrilling fire through all my flesh hath run;
Mine eyes cannot see, mine ears make dinning
Noises that stun;

The sweat streameth down,—my whole frame seized
with

Shivering,—and wan paleness o'er me spread,
Greener than the grass; I seem with faintness
Almost as dead.

Ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα,
 παῖ Δίος, δολόπλοκε, λίσσομαί σε,
 μή μ' ἄσαισι μηδ' ὀνίαισι δάμνα,
 πότνια, θῦμον·

ἀλλὰ τυῖδ' ἔλθ', αἵ ποτα κατέρωτα
 τᾶς ἔμας αὖδως αἰοῖσα πῆλνι
 ἔκλυες, πάτρος δὲ δόμον λίποισα
 χρύσιον ἤλθες

ἄρμ' ὑπαζεύξαισα· κάλοι δέ σ' ἄγον
 ὄκεες στρουῖθοι περὶ γᾶς μελαίνας
 πύκνα δίννεντες πτέρ' ἀπ' ὠράνω αἴθε-
 ρος διὰ μέσσω.

HYMN TO APHRODITE

O divine enthronèd Aphrodite,
Child of God, O queen of guileful art,
I beseech thee, with despair and anguish
Break not my heart!

Come to me, come now, if e'er aforetime
At the voice of my complaint afar
Thou didst hearken and with speed make harness
Thy golden car,

From the Father's mansion hastening hither
As the lovely feathered creatures drew
O'er the dark earth fluttering down from Heaven
Through the azure blue.

αἶψα δ' ἐξίκοντο· τὸ δ', ὦ μάκαιρα,
 μειδιάσαις' ἀθανάτῳ προσώπῳ,
 ἦρε', ὅττι δηῦτε πέπονθα κῶττι
 δηῦτε κάλημι·

κῶττι ἔμῳ μάλιστα θέλω γένεσθαι
 μαινόλῃ θύμῳ· "τίνα δηῦτε Πείθω
 μαῖς ἄγην ἐς σὰν φιλότατα, τίς σ', ὦ
 Ψάπφ', ἀδικήει;

καὶ γὰρ αἰ φεύγει, ταχέως διώξει,
 αἰ δὲ δῶρα μὴ δέκετ', ἀλλὰ δώσει,
 αἰ δὲ μὴ φίλει, ταχέως φιλήσει
 κὼνὲκ ἐθέλοισα."

ἔλθε μοι καὶ νῦν, χαλεπᾶν δὲ λύσον
 ἐκ μεριμνᾶν, ὅσσα δέ μοι τέλεσσαι
 θῦμος ἱμμέρρει, τέλεσον· σὺ δ' αὖτα
 σύμμαχος ἔσσο.

Soon arrived they swift; and O most blessed,
Gentling with a smile thy heavenly face,
Thou wast asking, *What did ail me? Wherefore*
I sought thy grace?

What desire within my frenzied spirit?
"For whose love do thine affections long?
Whom shall Peitho win? Who is it doeth
My Sappho wrong?

"The pursued shall soon be the pursuer!
Gifts, though now refusing, yet shall bring,
Love the lover yet, and woo the wooer,
Though heart it wring!"

Even so come now, descend and free me
From my sore distress; the thing my soul
Craveth, O make done; thy forces with me,
Blest queen, enrol!

Ἄστερες μὲν ἀμφὶ κάλαν σελάνναν
 ἀψ' ἀπυκρύπτοισι φάεννον εἶδος,
 ὅπποτα πλήθοισα μάλιστα λάμπη
 γᾶν

ἔλθε, Κύπρι,
 χρυσίαισιν ἐν κυλίκεσσιν ἄβρωσ
 συμμεμείγμενον θαλάισι νέκταρ
 οἰνοχόεισα.

ἀμφὶ δ' ὕδωρ
 ψῦχρον κελάδει δι' ὕσδων
 μαλίνων, αἰθυσσομένων δὲ φύλλων
 κῶμα καταρρεῖ.

FRAGMENTS

Stars around the lovely Moon that glitter
Hide again their one-time shining light,
When in fulness o'er the whole earth breaketh
Her silver bright.

Hither, Cypris,
In thy golden goblets delicately
Pouring out the wine of nectar mingled
With the banquet's glee.

A cool water
Rippling sings among the orchard boughs,
And with shimmering of the leaves descendeth
Stream of deep drowse.

Ἐγὼ δὲ φίλημ' ἀβροσύναν, καὶ μοι ἔρος τὸ λάμπρον
φάος προσίδην ἀελίῳ καὶ τὸ καλὸν λέλογχεν.

Un bel raggio di sole

mi s' è confitto in mente e uscir non vuole.

Mentre china al lavoro

guidavi colla man l' opra dell' ago

che in sulla tela rapido scorrea ;

il sole un raggio d' oro

t' intrecciò fra le chiome, e destò un vago

incendio a torno: il cuore mi dicea :

—Questa verace dea

or torna in cielo, e qui più star le duole.

SEVERINO FERRARI

I love delicate ease and softness;
 Born desire is mine
 To behold things fair and lovely
 And the bright sun-shine.

Ἄλλω θεῖα φαέθοντος ἄκτις
 εἰς ἑμας σκῆψεν φρένας, οὐδὲ φοῖδεν
 ἐκλίπην· ἧ γὰρ, φίλα, ἀμφὶ φέργα
 χέρρι τ' ἐνώμας

τὰν δι' εὐπάνω ζαθέοισαν ἴστω
 κέρκιδ', ἐν τέαις τ' ἐφάνη κόμαισι,
 χρῦσον ὥς, αἰθυσσομέναν ὑφάναις
 ἄλιος αἴγαν.

αὐτικ' ἐκ μὲν πῦρ περὶ πάντ' ἔλαμψε,
 καρδίαν δ' ἔτακεν ἑμαν· θεὸν δέ σ'
 ἔμμεν, "ἐς θεοὺς τ'" ἐφάμαν "ἀνάγκα σ'
 αὐθις ἀνάπτειν."

Ὡς δὲ στεφάνοις, ὦ Δίκα, πέρθεσθ' ἐράταις φόβαισιν,
ὄρπακας ἀνήτοιο συνέρραισ' ἀπάλαισι χέρσιν·
εὐανθέα γὰρ πέλεται καὶ Χάριτες μάκαιρα†
μᾶλλον προτερην· ἀστεφανώτοισι δ' ἀπυστρέφονται.

Κατθάνοισα δὲ κείσεται οὐδέ ποτα μναμοσύνα σέθεν
ἔσσειτ' οὐδέποτ' εἰς ὕστερον· οὐ γὰρ πεδέχεις βρόδων
τῶν ἐκ Πιερίας· ἀλλ' ἀφάνης κῆν Ἀίδα δόμοις
φοιτάσεις πεδ' ἀμαύρων νεκύων ἐκπεποταμένα.

FRAGMENTS

But weave thou garlands, Maiden,
With delicate fingers fair
Of the scented sprays, and wind them
About thy lovely hair.

For the flower-garlanded sooner
Shall win the Blest Ones' grace,
And the unwreathed brow shall find them
Withhold and hide their face.

And where thou diest, thou shalt lie ; no memory
of thy name

Thenceforth for ever shall be heard ; because thou
hast no part

In roses from Pierian springs ; with no more note
or fame

Where the dim ghosts are, thou shalt flit, obscure
as here thou art.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own
repose,

For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is
in the deep ;

Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows ;
Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its
appointed sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet till the phantoms
flee

Which that house and heath and garden made
dear to thee erewhile,

Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings
are not free

From the music of two voices and the light of
one sweet smile.

SHELLEY

*Δέδυκε μὲν ἃ σελάννα
καὶ Πληγάδες, μέσαι δὲ
νύκτες, παρὰ δ' ἔρχετ' ὥρα,
ἔγω δὲ μόνα κατεύδω.*

Ἔστιν καὶ νυχθαισὶν ποτ' ἐρώα νεφελῶν σκίαις,
 εὐδόντων ὀνέμων σῆγα, σελάννας τ' ὅποτ' ἦ δύσις·
 πόνον δ' οὐδ' ἀκάμας πόντος ἔχει συνέχε', ἀλλ' ὁμως
 πάντων καὶ μέρος ὕπνω κάματός τ' ἔλλαχε κώνια.

κείσεται καὶ σὺ θάνοις' ἄσυχ'· νῦν δ' ἄς κ' ἔτι φέσπερος
 φοίτη σοι γνόφοεν τῶνδε φέρων φίλτρον ἔμων δόμων,
 ὁμμιμνασκομένα πίκρος ὑμάρτει μελέαις φρεσὶν
 συμφώνων φιλίας ἄδυ γελαίσας ὄρων πόθος.

SAPPHO

The moon hath sunk, and the Pleiads,
 And midnight is gone,
 And the hour is passing, passing,
 And I lie alone.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

Χαῖρέ μοι, δαῖμον μάκαρ· οὐ γὰρ ὄρνιν
ἔστ' ὅπως σ' ἔγω ποτὰ φῶ πεφύκην,
ἄτις ὠράνω πέλας ἐν νόμοισιν
αὐτοδάεσσιν

ἐκ φρένος μέλπεις, ἀπὺ γᾶς δὲ πῆδαις
Ἴψος ἐξ Ἴψευς, νεφέλα φλέγοισ' ὥς,
αἰὲν ὀντέλλων ἅμα καὶ μ' αἰίδων
αἶθερ' ἐς ὕγρον·

ἀλίῳ γὰρ ὄν' νέφε' ἄρτι δύντος
χρυσίαισιν αἰθόμεν' ἀστράπαισιν
ἐν δρόμοις ἔμψυχος ὅπως χάρα πρώτ-
οισι ποτᾶσαι.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight :
All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
overflow'd.
What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.
Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

ἀμφὶ δ' ἄχλυσ πεπτερυγμένω τευ
 σκίδνατ' ὄρφνας ἀερίᾳ, πεδ' ἄμαρ δ'
 ὥς ὅτ' ἄστερ' οὐκέτ' ὄρημ', ἰέντος δ'
 ὄρθι' ἀκούω.

γα τ' ὑπ' αὖδως σᾶς φιάχῃσι καῦτηρ,
 ὥς ὅτ' οἶω παῖς διὰ νύκτ' ἐρήμαν
 πίμπλατ' ἐκ νέφους χυμενᾶν σελάννας
 ὦρανος αὐγᾶν.

ἦ τίφ δὴ φῶ σε μάλιστ' εἰοίκην;
 τίς γὰρ ἦσθ' ἀφραστα· χέεις δὲ φῶνα
 λάμπρα μᾶλλον ἢ ψέκαδας ῥεοίσαις
 Ἴριδος ἅντα·

φροντίδων φέγγος περιφέμμενός τις
 οἶα μοισίκτας ἀκέλευστ' αἰίδων,
 τῷ συνελπίσδοισί τε συμφοβεῦνταί τ'
 ἄνδρες ἀέλπτως·

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from
the view :

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

ἢ δόμοις λάθρα τις ἐν ἱψιπύργοις
θῦμον ἱμέρταις δυσέρωτα μοίσαις
πάρθενος θέλγοισα· τὸ δ' ἐκ μύχων ἄχ-
ημ' ἐποτάθη·

χρυσόλαμπις δ' ὥς δρόσοεν κατ' ἄγκος
ἐν λόχῳ μὲν κευθομένα ποᾶντι
κάνθέμοισιν, αἰθερίαν δὲ περσπέρρ-
οισά τιν' αἶγλαν·

ἢ βρόδον φύλλοις πεπυκαδμένον φῶ
φοῖσιν, ὄδμα τῷ φέρετ' ἄδν φώρων
σῦλον αὐρᾶν, τὰς δὲ βαρυπτέροις τι-
θεῖσα μεθύσκει;

ἡρίνοις νίκη πιτύλοις γελαίσας
καπ πόας τὸ σὸν μέλος, ὀμβρέγερτά τ'
ἄνθεμ', ὅσσα τ' ὦν ἴλαρ' ἢ φάενν' ἢ
λάμπρα τέτυκται.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine :

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
With shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

SHELLEY

ἔσπε δ', ὅττι κέν σε τύχω κικλήσκων,
ποῦ ἔχεις νοήματ'; ἔγω γὰρ οὔτε
Κύπριν ὦδε περχαρέως τίοντος
ἔκλυον, οὔτε

Βάκχον, ἀλλὰ παῖς προτὶ σὰν ἀοίδαν
καλλίνικός τ' ὕμνος ὑμῆναός τε
κόμπος εἴη κ', ἔστιν ὅτευ μάταν ἄλλ-
ως ἐπιδεύης.

τίς σε πειθῶ δηῦτ' ἔλαβεν; τί κάλλος
τῶν κατ' αἴθερ' ἢ πέδον ἢ θάλασσαν;
ἢ τίς οἰώνοις φιλότας, ἄπενθες
ἦτορ ἔχοντα;

ταῖς τέαις γὰρ οὔτ' ὀνία 'πέχριμψε
χαρμόναις, οὔτ' ὦν κόρος ἦν πάροικος·
ἀλλὰ κηράσθης μέν, ἄσαν δ' ἔρωτος
οὔποτ' ἐπέγνως.

Ἦρι μὲν αἶ τε Κυδώνιαι
μαλίδες ἀρδόμεναι ῥοᾶν
ἐκ ποταμῶν, ἵνα παρθένων
κᾶπος ἀκήρατος, αἶ τ' οἶνανθίδες
αὐξόμεναι σκιεροῖσιν ὑφ' ἔρνεσιν
οἶναρέοις θαλέθοισιν· ἐμοὶ δ' ἔρος
οὐδεμίαν κατάκοιτος ὥραν, ἅθ' ὑπὸ στεροπᾶς φλέγων
Θρηϊκίος βορέας, αἴσσω παρὰ Κύπριδος ἀζαλέαις
μανίαισιν ἐρεμνὸς ἀθαμβῆς
ἐγκρατέως πεδόθεν τινάσσει
ἀμετέρας φρένας.

In the season of Spring is the season of growing ;
Where lies the inviolate orchard-meadow,
The apple-garden where Maidens dwell,
There, watered freshly with runnels flowing,
The quince-trees blossom, and safe in shadow
The vine-buds under the vine-leaf swell
In the season of Spring. But in my heart passion
At no tide ever asleep is laid :
From the Lady of Love as a blast of the North,
When a blaze of lightning flashes it forth,
With a rush, with a burst,
In a dark storm parching and maddening with thirst,
Unabashed, unafraid,
It shoots to my bosom, gripping it still
In the same rude fashion,
And shakes and shatters at will.

Ἔστι μοι πλοῦτος μέγας δόρυ καὶ ξίφος
καὶ τὸ καλὸν λαισήϊον, πρόβλημα χρωτός·
τούτῳ γὰρ ἄρῶ, τούτῳ θερίζω,
τούτῳ πατέω τὸν ἄδυν οἶνον ἀπ' ἀμπέλω·
τούτῳ δεσπότης μνοίας κέκλημαι.

τοὶ δὲ μὴ τολμῶντ' ἔχειν δόρυ καὶ ξίφος
καὶ τὸ καλὸν λαισήϊον, πρόβλημα χρωτός,
πάντες γόνυ πεπτηῶτες ἄμυν
. προσ>κυνέοντί με δεσπόταν
καὶ μέγαν βασιλῆα φωνέοντες.

My dear and only Love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
Than purest Monarchy;
For if Confusion have a part
(Which virtuous souls abhor),
And hold a Synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more.

My wealth's a burly spear and brand,
And a right good shield of hides untanned,
Which on my arm I buckle :
With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield
A massy spear and well-made shield,
Nor joy to draw the sword ;
Oh, I bring those heartless, hapless drones
Down in a trice on their marrow-bones,
To call me king and lord.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

ὦ μόνα πασᾶν ἐμοὶ μεμελημένα,
σᾶς φιλίας εἰς κοίρανος πάνταρχος ἔστω·
ὥς τὰν ἀγαθοῖς ἐχθρὰν ἄπασιν
ἀρχὰν πολυάνορ' εἰ σὺ κοινόδικον σέβοις,
ἦ μὰν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα κεκλήσεται.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen
And famous by my sword ;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before ;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.
JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

ἐν μονοσκάπτροις μέγας βασιλεὺς θρόνοις
ἀντιδίκων ἄλλων θέλω νόσφιν κρατύνειν·
ἥ γὰρ κακὸς, ἥ λίαν δέδοικεν
τὸν δαίμονα, τοῦδε πείραν φῖτινι μὴ θράσος
τῶν πάντων ὕπερ ἐν κύβοισι ῥίπτειν.

εἰ δ' ἐμὲ στέρξεις φίλον θεμένα νόον,
φαμί σ' ἐγὼ Μοίσαις θ' ὁμῶς ἔργοις τ' Ἄρηος,
οἷόν τις ἀνὴρ οὔπω, κλεῖττειν·
καὶ μᾶλλον ἐπ' ἅμαρ αἰὲν εὖ πεφιλημέναν
ἅμ μίτραις κεφαλὰν κλυταῖσι δῆσω.

Πῶλε Θρηκίη, τί δὴ με λοξὸν ὀμμασιν βλέπουσα
νηλεῶς φεύγεις, δοκεῖς δέ μ' οὐδὲν εἰδέναι σοφόν;

ἴσθι τοι, καλῶς μὲν ἂν τοι τὸν χαλινὸν ἐμβάλοιμι,
ἡνίας δ' ἔχων στρέφοιμί σ' ἄμφι τέρματα δρόμου.

νῦν δὲ λειμῶνάς τε βόσκειαι κοῦφά τε σκιρτῶσα παίζεις·
δεξιὸν γὰρ ἵπποσείρην οὐκ ἔχεις ἐπεμβάτην.

ΠΡΑΞΙΛΛΑΣ

ὦ διὰ τῶν θυρίδων καλὸν ἐμβλέποισα,
πάρθενε τὰν κεφαλάν, τὰ δ' ἔνερθε νύμφα.

Ah tell me why you turn and fly,
My little Thracian filly shy?
 Why turn askance
 That cruel glance,
And think that such a dunce am I?

O I am blest with ample wit
To fix the bridle and the bit,
 And make thee bend
 Each turning-end
In harness all the course of it.

But now 'tis yet the meadow free
And frisking it with merry glee;
 The master yet
 Has not been met
To mount the car and manage thee.

PRAXILLA

Face at the latticed window
 Looking down so sweetly,
Maiden head, maiden head,
 Maidenhead no more!

34 MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

My love, she's but a lassie yet,
A lichtsome lovely lassie yet;
 It scarce wad do
 To sit and woo
Down by the stream sae glassy yet.

But there's a braw time coming yet
When we may gang a roaming yet,
 An' hint wi' glee
 O' joys to be
When fa's the modest gloaming yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet,
 But just a jinking,
 Bonny blinking,
Hilty-skilty lassie yet.

But O her artless smile's mair sweet
Than hinny or than marmalete;
 An', right or wrang,
 Ere it be lang
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

JAMES HOGG

Παῖς ἔθ' ἡ φίλη τέρεινα φαιδρόνους τε παρθενεύει,
κοῦτι συμπαίζειν παρ' ὄχθης ἡμένοις πρέποντά κω.

ἔσσεταί γε μὴν ὅτ' ἄμφω σύμπλανοι σεμνήν κατ' ὄρφυην
εἰς τὰ τέρπν' αἰνιζόμεσθα Κύπριδος δι' ἐλπίδων.

νῦν μὲν οὖν ὀμφαξ ἔτ' ἐστίν, οὐδέ κω σφριγῶσα μαζούς,
κούφα δὲ σκιρτῶσα παίζει λοξά τ' ὀμμασιν βλέπει.

ἀλλ', ἀθρύπτοισιν γελᾷ γὰρ μέλιτος ἥδιον προσώποις,
ἐς λόγους, ναὶ Κύπριν αὐτήν, ἵξετ' οὐ μάλ' ἐς μακρήν.

O ruddier than the cherry !
O brighter than the berry !
 O nymph more bright
 Than moonshine night,
Like kidlings, blithe and merry !

Ripe as the melting cluster,
No lily has such lustre ;
 Yet hard to tame
 As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster.

JOHN GAY

‘Ο καρκίνος ὠδ’ ἔφα
χαλᾷ τὸν ὄφιν λαβών·
“εὐθὺν χρὴ τὸν ἐταῖρον ἔμμεν
καὶ μὴ σκολιὰ φρονεῖν.”

Ῥοίης ὦ φιαρωτέρη
 μήλων δὲ γλυκίων ἰδεῖν,
 σελήναιον ὑπὲρ φάος
 νηπενθέας τε χιμαίρας·

ὄρην ὦ σταφύλης ἔχουσ'
 ἄνθος τ' εἰαρινοῦ κρίνου,
 πῦρ δὲ πνέουσ' ἄμαχόν τε καὶ
 πρημαίνουσα θυέλλας.

Said the Crab unto the Serpent,
 As he held him, fairly caught :
*Straightforward, sir, a mate should go,
 And have no crooked thought.*

Εἶθ' ἐξῆν, ὁποῖός τις ἦν ἕκαστος,
 τὸ στήθος διελόντ', ἔπειτα τὸν νοῦν
 ἐσιδόντα, κλήσαντα πάλιν,
 ἄνδρα φίλον νομίζειν ἀδόλφ φρενί.

Εἶθ' ἄπυρον καλὸν γενοίμην μέγα χρυσίον,
 καί με καλὴ γυνὴ φοροίη καθαρὸν θεμένῃ νόον.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
 A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
 O, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

FITZGERALD from OMAR KHAYYÁM

Could we but see men as they are!

But rive their breast asunder,

Hold it apart and view the heart,

And read what lies thereunder;

Then close it fast again, and call

A friend a friend for all in all!

I would I were a jewel

Of costly gold and fine,

And a lovely woman wearing me

With heart as true as mine!

Εἰ μοι μούσ' ὑπὸ δενδρέφ παρείη

καὶ πίνειν ἄμα, παρ δὲ καὶ σὺ μέλπων

κατ' ἐρημίαν, ἢ μακάρων

ἴσον ἔμοιγε λειμῶσιν ἐρημία.

O talk not to me of a name great in story ;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
wrinkled ?

'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled :
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory ?

O Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

BYRON

Μή μοι δόξαν αὐτὴ μενούσαν αἰνεῖ,
ἦβη γὰρ τάδε φήμ' ἰσθήλικ' ἀνθεῖν·
στεφάνων δὲ κρείσσων ἀριθμοῦ
κισσὸς ἔμουγε μύρτος τε νεανιῶν.

αὔρις ὥς δρόσος ἡρινὴ ῥόδοισιν
ῥυσαῖς ταινίαι ἐμπρέπουσι κόρσαις·
πολιοῖς δ' ἀπαυδῶ κροτάφοις·
τίς γὰρ ἐμοὶ κεναυχῶν στεφάνων χάρις;

ὦ Δόξ', εἴ ποτε δ' οὖν ἔχων σ' ἔχαιρον,
ἀλλ' οὐ τῶν μεγάλων ἑκατὶ κόμπων,
συνιδῶν δὲ φαιδροῖσι κόρην
δμμασιν ἀξιοῦσάν μ' ὀάρων φίλων.

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
 Until it doth run over !
 For to-night we'll merry be,
 To-morrow we'll be sober.

He that drinketh strong beer
 And goes to bed mellow
 Lives as he ought to live,
 And dies a jolly good fellow.

He that drinketh small beer
 And goes to bed sober
 Falls as the leaves fall
 That drop off in October.

*Ποῦ μοι τὰ ῥόδα, ποῦ μοι τὰ ἴα, ποῦ μοι τὰ καλὰ
 σέλινα;*

ταδὶ τὰ ῥόδα, ταδὶ τὰ ἴα, ταδὶ τὰ καλὰ σέλινα.

Quoted by Athenaeus 629 E

Δεῦρ' ἡμῖν ἐπίμεστα, παῖ,
 κρατῆρα στέφε τόνδ' ὑπερθε χεῖλους·
 ὥς εἰς τὸ μὲν αὖριον δέδοκται
 νήφειν, τὸ παρὸν δ' αὖ μεθύειν τε καὶ παίζειν.

ὅς μὲν ζωρότερον πιὼν
 θωρηχθεὶς ἱλαρῶς ἔη 'πὶ κοίτην,
 οὗτος βίοτον μὲν οἶδεν εὖ ζῆν
 ὥς δεῖ, κατέλυσεν δὲ ποθητὸς, εὐδαίμων.

ὅστις δ' αὖθ' ὑδαρῇ πιὼν
 νήφουσιν φρονίμως ἔη 'πὶ κοίτην,
 οὗτος φθινοπωριναῖσιν ὥραις
 φύλλον κατακαρφθεὶς ἐπὶ γῇ πεσὼν κείται.

CHILDREN'S PLAY.

Where are my roses, where are my pansies, where
 is my lovely parsley?

Here are your roses, here are your pansies, here is
 your lovely parsley.

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our Lord the King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their Politicks,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws
And ever give us cause
To cry with loud applause
God save the King!

ΤΡΙΤΟΝ ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ ΕΥΚΤΑΙΑΝ ΛΙΒΑ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τῇσδ' ἐπίδοις ἄνακτα χώρας
εὐαίωνα τε καὶ μεγιστόνικον,
θεότιμον ἴσχοντα κράτος
τῶνδε φίλων πολιτῶν πολὺν ἐς χρόνον.

ἐχθρῶν μὲν κατάβαλλε φύλ' ἀναστὰς
αὐταῖς ταῖς κακομηχάνοισι πείραις,
ἐπὶ τοῦδε δ' ὀρμούσαν ὄρων
ἡμετέραν ἔτ' ὀρθὴν ἐφέποις πόλιν.

ἐσθλῶν τῶν παρὰ σοῦ τὰ λῶστα δοίης
πρόφρων τῷδ', ἵν' ἔχοι νιν ἅδ' ἑσαιεῖ
πατέριους φυλάσσοντα νόμους
εὐλογία δικαίως ἀπὸ καρδίας.

Εἰ τὸ καλῶς θνήσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον
 ἡμῖν ἐκ πάντων τοῦτ' ἀπένειμε Τύχη·
 Ἑλλάδι γὰρ σπεύδοντες ἐλευθερίαν περιθεῖναι
 κείμεθ' ἀγηράντφ χρώμενοι εὐλογίῃ.

Ἄσβεστον κλέος οἶδε φίλῃ περὶ πατρίδι θέντες
 κυάνεον θανάτου ἀμφεβάλοντο νέφος·
 Οὐ δὲ τεθνᾶσι θανόντες, ἐπεὶ σφ' ἀρετὴ καθύπερθεν
 κυδαίνουσ' ἀνάγει δώματος ἐξ Ἄλδew.

ON GENERAL GORDON.

Soldier of God, man's friend, not here below,
 But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,
 Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
 This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man.

TENNYSON

EPITAPH ON THE ATHENIAN DEAD
AT PLATAEA

If the best merit be to lose life well,
To us beyond all else that fortune came :
In war, to give Greece liberty, we fell,
Heirs of all time's imperishable fame.

EPITAPH ON THE LACEDAEMONIAN
DEAD AT PLATAEA

Splendour unfading for their land they won,
And then the shadowy robe of death put on.
Yet died and are not dead ; for their brave might
Fames, and uplifts them from the realms of night.



ON GENERAL GORDON

ὦ φιλόφρων θνητοῖσι, θεοῦ δ' ἔνεκεν πολεμήσας,
τῇλέ περ ἐν Λιβυκαῖς κείμενέ που ψαμάθοις
ζῶεις τοι πᾶσιν μεμελημένος, εἰδόσιν ἄνδρα
φύντ' ἀγαθόν σ' ἄδολόν τ' εἴ τιν' ἐπιχθονίων.

Ὅτε λάρνακι δαιδαλέα ἄνεμός τε μιν
κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα
δείματι ἤριπεν, οὐκ ἀδιάντοισι παρειαῖς
ἀμφί τε Περσέϊ βάλλε φίλαν χέρ' εἶπέν τ'.

ὦ τέκος, οἶον ἔχω πόνον, σὺ δ' ἄωταις·
γαλαθὴνφ δ' ἤθεϊ κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ
δούρατι χαλκεογόμφφ,
νυκτιλαμπεῖ κυανέφ τε δνόφφ ταθείς.

ἄλμαν δ' ὕπερθε τεᾶν κομᾶν βαθείαν
παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις, οὐδ' ἀνέμων
φθόγγον, πορφυρέαισιν
κείμενος ἐν χλανίσιν, πρόσωπον καλόν.

DANAE

Adrift in the carven ark,—by the winds
And the rising waves dismayed,
Her limbs all quivering with alarm,
Her pale cheek wet with tears,—her arm
Round Perseus then she laid ;

Saying, "O my child, how sore my trouble,
And thou still slumbering deep!
Here in the dismal rivetted ark,
In the rayless night, in the pitchy dark,
Thine infant spirit—asleep!

"Wash of the racing wave goes past
Above thy silken hair ;
Yet whether of wave or bellowing blast
Not a thought is thine, or care,—
In mantle of crimson warm and fast,
Little face, how sweet and fair!

εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν,
καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν ὑπεῖχες οὖας·
κέλομαι, εὐδε βρέφος, εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος,
εὐδέτω δ' ἄμετρον κακόν·
μεταιβολία δέ τις φανείη, Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο·
ὅττι δὲ θαρσαλέον ἔπος εὐχομαί
τε καὶ νόσφι δίκας, σύγγνωθί μοι.

Ἦ σεῦ καὶ φθιμένας λεύκ' ὁστέα τῷδ' ἐνὶ τύμβῳ
ἴσκω ἔτι τρομέειν θήρας, ἀγρῶστι Λυκάς·
τὰν δ' ἀρετὰν οἶδεν μέγα Πήλιον, ἃ τ' ἀρίδηλος
Ὅσσα, Κιθαιρῶνός τ' οἰονόμοι σκοπιαί.

"Yet if this fear were fear indeed,
If fear were fear of thine,
Surely thy small ear then had listened
To hear these words of mine.....

"Sleep on then, O my baby, sleep,
And sleep, thou Sea ;
Rested in sleep, I pray, at length
Our infinite sorrows be.
O Father in Heaven, vouchsafe ere long
Sign of some change in thee :
And if these hopes I breathe be wrong
Or too bold,—pardon me!"

EPITAPH ON A THESSALIAN HOUND

Lycas, my faithful huntress, well I trow
The beasts yet tremble at thy bones with fright!
Thy worth all Pelion and vast Ossa know,
And lone Cithaeron's desolatest height.

τοῖσι λάμπει μὲν μένος ἀελίου
 τὰν ἐνθάδε νύκτα κάτω·
 φοινικορόδοις δ' ἐνὶ λειμάνεσσι προάστιον αὐτῶν
 <ἐκ Διὸς κάπων ἀναπεπταμένον>
 καὶ λιβάνῳ σκιαρὸν καὶ χρυσοκάρποισιν βέβριθε

 καὶ τοὶ μὲν ἵπποις γυμνασίῳς τε,
 τοὶ δὲ πεσσοῖς,
 τοὶ δὲ φορμύγγεσσι τέρπονται, παρὰ δὲ
 σφισιν εὐανθῆς ἄπας
 τέθαλεν δλβος·
 ὁδμὰ δ' ἐρατὸν κατὰ χῶρον κίδναται
 αἰεὶ θύα μινύντων πυρὶ τηλεφανεῖ
 παντοῖα θεῶν ἐπὶ βωμοῖς.

PARADISE

For them the sun shines ever in full might
Throughout our earthly night ;
There, reddening with the rose, their paradise,
A fair green pleasance, lies,
Cool beneath shade of incense-bearing trees,
And rich with golden fruit :
And there they take their pleasure as they will,
In chariot-race, or young-limbed exercise
In wrestling, at the game of tables these,
And those with harp or lute :
And blissful where they dwell, beside them still
Dwells at full bloom perfect felicity :
And spreading delicately
Over the lovely region everywhere
Fragrance in the air
Floats from high altars where the fire is dense
With perfumed frankincense
Burned for the glory of Heaven continually.

CHAPTER 17

For great are thy judgements, and hard to interpret; therefore souls undisciplined went astray.

For when lawless men had supposed that they held a holy nation in their power, they themselves, prisoners of darkness, and bound in the fetters of a long night, close kept beneath their roofs, lay exiled from the eternal providence.

For neither did the dark recesses that held them guard them from fears, but sounds rushing down rang around them, and phantoms appeared, cheerless with unsmiling faces.

And no force of fire prevailed to give them light, neither were the brightest flames of the stars strong enough to illumine that gloomy night: but only there appeared to them the glimmering of a fire self-kindled, full of fear.

As for the illusions of art magic, they were put down, and a shameful rebuke of their vaunts of understanding.

For they that had promised to drive away terrors and troublings from a sick soul, these were themselves sick with a ludicrous fearfulness.

For even if no troublous thing affrighted them, yet, scared with the creepings of vermin and hissings of serpents, they perished for very trembling, refusing even to look on the air, which could on no side be escaped.

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἡ μεγάλη βουλαὶ σέθεν, οὐδὲ νοηταὶ
πᾶσιν· τῷ τοι πολλὰ παρεπλάγχθησαν ἄπειροι.

καὶ τότε ἀναγκαίης Δῶν γένος ἄνδρες ἀλιτροὶ
φάντο καταζεύξειν, αὐτοὶ δ' ἄρα θυμοπεδῆται
κεῖντο μιῆς ἐκ νυκτός, ἐελμένοι ἐνδοθι οἴκων,
θείης κηδοσύνης φυγάδες, σκοτοδέσμφ ἀνάγκῃ.
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἐν κρυφίοισι μυχοῖς ἤχοντο λαθόντες
θαρσεῖν, ἀλλ' ἦχοί τε περισμαράγευν, ἐφάνη τε
φάσματ' ἀμειδίτοισιν αἰὲ φοιτεῦντα προσώποις.
ἐνθ' οὐτ' αἰθομένοιο πυρὸς μένος οὔτε φαιεῖων
ἄστρων ἐξελάσαι κνέφας ἤρκεεν, ἀλλὰ μέλαινα
λιγνὺς ὥς τις ἐλαμπε φόβος μόνον αὐτοσπύρωτος.

ποῦ δὲ γοητεῖς τὰ σοφῶν κομπάσματα φωτῶν,
ἡ φρένας ἐξαπατᾶν ἐπεποίθεσαν; ἐξ ἅρ' ἀγῶνος
φροῦδα, μέγ' αὐχήσασι κατηφείῃ καὶ ἔλεγχος.
οἱ γὰρ ἐπηγγείλαντο κακὰς ἀπὸ κήρας ἐρύξειν
δείματά τε ψυχῆς νοσεούσης, δείμασιν αὐτοὶ
ἄψυχοι συνέχοντο, γέλως ἄλλοισι κάκιστος.
κεῖ γὰρ μή τις ἔην ἔτυμος φόβος, ἀλλὰ ματαίοις
οἷμασιν ἐρπυσμοῖς τ' ἰδὲ καὶ συρίγμασι θηρῶν
ἐκ πτοίῃ τις ἔθνησκεν, ἀναινόμενος περὶ τάρβει
ὄσσοις καὶ τὸν ἄφυκτον ἐς ἡέρα προσδέρκεσθαι.

For wickedness, condemned by a witness within, is a coward thing, and, being pressed hard by conscience, always forecasteth the worst lot: for fear is nothing else but a surrender of the succours which reason offereth.

But they, all through the night which was powerless indeed, and which came upon them out of the recesses of powerless Hades, all sleeping the same sleep, now were haunted by monstrous apparitions, and now were paralysed by their soul's surrendering; for fear sudden and unlooked for came upon them. So then every man, whosoever it might be, sinking down in his place, was kept in ward shut up in that prison which was barred not with iron.

For whether he were a husbandman, or a shepherd, or a labourer whose toils were in the wilderness, he was overtaken, and endured that inevitable necessity, for with one chain of darkness were they all bound.

Whether there were a whistling wind, or a melodious noise of birds among the spreading branches, or a measured fall of water running violently, or a harsh crashing of rocks hurled down, or the swift course of animals bounding along unseen, or the voice of wild beasts harshly roaring, or an echo rebounding from the hollows of the mountains, all these things paralysed them with terror.

δειλὸν γὰρ κακίῃ, καθ' ἑαυτοῦ μάρτυρ' ἔχουσα
ἐνδοθεν· ἐννεσίῃς δὲ σέθεν, κακόμαντι Συνειδοί,
τᾷσχατά πως αἰεὶ πάθε' ὀσσομένη δεδόνηται·
ῥῖψις γάρ τοι δεῖμα λόγου εὐαλκέος ὄπλων.

ὥς κείνοι κακὸν ὕπνον ἱαύοντες μάλα πάντες
ἄπρηκτον κατὰ νύκτα, παναπρήκτου Ἀΐδαο
παῖδα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως, τεράτων κακὰ φάσματ' ἰδόντες
ἢ ἔτυμ' ἢ σφετέρῃς αὐτόσσυτοι ἀλογίῃσιν,
ἀπροφάτως ὄχοντο καὶ αὐτόθι· κείτο δ' ἕκαστος
δέσμιος ἐν φυλακῇσιν ἀχαλκεύτοισι πεδηθείς.

καί τις ὀρείφοιτος βούτης, ἢ οἰοπολεύων
ποιμήν, ἢ ἐπάρουρος ἐρημαίοισιν ἐπ' ἀγροῖς,
μαρφθεὶς τὴν δαμάτειραν ἔτλη πανάφυκτον ἀνάγκην,
πάντες δ' ἐν σκοτίῃσιν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι δέδεντο.

εἴτ' ἀνέμων γάρ τις ῥοῖζος πέλοι, ἢ βαθυφύλλων
ἐκ δένδρων θρόος αἶψα παρ' οἰωνῶν κελαδεινός,
ἢ καταρησσομένου ποταμοῦ κτύπος οὐαθ' ἵκοιτο
εὐρυθμος, ἢ πέτρων πάταγος δουνπήδ' ἐριπέντων,
εἴτ' ἐλαφρὸν σκίρτημα ποδῶν αἶδηλα θεόντων
θηρῶν, εἴτ' ὠρυτὸς ἐρίβρομος, ἢ τις ἡχὼ
τηλόθεν ἀντιτύπων ὀρέων ἄπο, τοὶ δ' ἐφ' ἐκάστω,
ὥς αἶον, ὥς αὐτίκ' ἀπέψυχον τρομέοντες.

For the whole world beside was enlightened with clear light, and was occupied with unhindered works ; while over them alone was spread a heavy night, an image of the darkness that should afterward receive them ; but yet heavier than darkness were they unto themselves.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

After they had taken counsel to slay the babes of
the holy ones,
And when a single child had been cast forth and
saved to convict them of their sins,
Thou tookest away from them their multitude of
children,
And destroyedst all their host together in a mighty
flood.
Of that night were our fathers made aware beforehand,
That, having sure knowledge they might be cheered
by the oaths which they had trusted :
So by thy people was expected salvation of the
righteous
and destruction of the enemies ;

ἄλλοι μὲν δὴ πάντ' ἐριφεγγέος ἔβλεπον αὐγῆς
 ἔμπλεα, καὶ νόον εἶχον ἀκωλύτοιςιν ἐπ' ἔργοις·
 τῶν δ' ὑπερ ἁλλαμπῆς μούνων τέτατ' ἀργαλή νύξ,
 οἷη πέρ τοι ἔμελλε καὶ εἰσοπίσω σφε δέχεσθαι,
 αὐτοὶ δέ σφισιν ἦσαν ἔτ' ἀργαλεώτεροι αὐτοῖς.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

CHAPTER 18

τῶν δ', ὅτε κτείνειν γόνον εὐσεβέων στροφή α'
 πάντ' ἐμητίσαντο, βρέφος δ' ἄρα μούνον
 ρίφθεν οἰοσπάργανον
 σώθη πρὸς ἔλεγχον ὅμως,
 Ζεῦ, κατὰ πᾶν γένος ἔκλυσας, εὐτεκνίαν
 τὰν παιδοπληθῇ
 νοσφίσας ἐν νυκτὶ μιᾷ·
 τὰν μὲν ἔρπειν ἀμέτεροι πρόγονοι πρόσθεν μάθον, .
 φέγγος ὀπιζομένοις
 εὐφρόνας εὐάγγελον, σωτηρίας
 ἐλπίδ' ἄγον σφετέρας, ἐχθρῶν δ' ὀλέθρου.

60 THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

For as thou didst take vengeance on the adversaries,
By the same means, calling us unto thyself,
thou didst glorify us.

For holy children of good men offered sacrifice in
secret,

And with one consent they took upon themselves
the covenant of the divine law,

That they would partake alike in the same good
things

and the same perils ;

The fathers already leading
the sacred songs of praise.

But there sounded back in discord the cry of the
enemies,

And a piteous voice of lamentation for children
was borne abroad.

And servant along with master punished with a like
just doom,

And commoner suffering the same as king,

Yea, all the people together under one form of death,
Had with them corpses without number ;

For the living were not sufficient even to bury them,
Since at a single stroke their nobler offspring was
consumed.

χειρὶ δὴ ταῦτᾱ παρά τ' ἀντιπάλων ἀντιστροφή α'
 λυγρὸν ἔπραξας χρέος ἀμέτερόν τ' ἐξ-
 αἶρετον τιμῶν γένος
 νικαφόρον εὐλογίαν
 ὧπασας· ἐν κρυφίαις ἱερῶν θυσίαις
 τὸν Ζηνόκραντον
 συγκαταίνησαν πρόγονοι
 τεθμὸν, ἧ μὰν ξυνὸν ὁμῶς ἐθέλειν ἐσθλῶν μέρος
 τῶν θ' ἐτέρων μετέχειν·
 ἐν δ' ὑπ' εὐφάμου λύρας ἀγούμενοι
 πρεσβύτεροι γεραρᾶν ἄρξαντ' αἰοιδᾶν,

ἀντίμολπος δ' αὖ παρὰ δυσμενέων ἐπιφθός α'
 κλῖναιτ' οἰμωγᾶς ἀπαίλωνος βοᾷ
 μακροπενθήs τεκνολέτωρ, θεραπόντων σὺν δίκᾱ
 δεσπότησιν οὐκ ἀνόμοια παθόντων
 οὐδ' ὑπάτοις βασιλεῦσιν δαμοτᾶν, ἀλλ' ἐν μιᾷ
 πᾶς ἰδέᾱ θανάτου νεκρῶν ἐρειφθέντων στρατὸς
 εἶχε μῖασμ' ἀνάριθμον· ζῶσα γὰρ οὐκ ἔτι χεῖρ
 πρὸς ταφὰν ἐξάρκειε καδεμόνων, ξυνᾷ δὲ πλαγᾷ
 ἅμα πᾶσιν ἅωτος πᾶς ἐλωτίσθη γόνου.

For while they were disbelieving all things
by reason of the enchantments,
Upon the destruction of the first-born
they confessed the people to be God's son.
For while peaceful silence enwrapped all things,
And night in her own swiftness
was in mid-course,
Thine all-powerful word leaped from heaven out of
the royal throne,
A stern warrior, into the midst of the doomed land,
Bearing as a sharp sword thine unfeigned com-
mandment ;

And standing it filled all things with death ;
And while it touched the heaven
it trode upon the earth.
Then forthwith apparitions in dreams terribly troubled
them,
And fears came upon them unlooked for :
And each, one thrown here half-dead, another there,
Made manifest wherefore he was dying :
For the dreams, perturbing them, did foreshew this,
That they might not perish
without knowing why they were afflicted.
But it befell the righteous also to make trial of death,

πρὶν δ' ἀπιστήσας τις ὑπ' οὐλομέναις στροφή β'
 φαρμακείαις πρωτογόνων τότε ἀμερθεῖς
 μαρτύρησ' ἔμμεν τόδε
 Ζηνὸς γένος ὥς ἐτύμως·
 πάντα γὰρ ἀσυχία κάτεχ' ἅ φιλόφρων,
 δίδρυνε δ' ἵπποις
 νύξ θοὰ σὺν μεσσοπόροις,
 αἶψα δ' ἐκ σεμνῶν ἔπος ἄλτο θρόνων ὦ Ζεῦ τεὸν
 παγκρατὲς οὐρανόθεν,
 δεινὸς αἰχματάς, ἀχάλκευτον ξίφος
 τεθμὸν ἔχων σέθεν, ἐν μέσσα δὲ χώρα

πάντα κείνα στὰς ἐνέπλησε μόρου, ἀντιστροφή β'
 οὐρανῷ μὲν σὺν κεφαλὰν κορυφώσας
 γᾶ δ' ἐπισκῆπτων πόδας·
 τοὺς δ' αὐτίκα φάσματ' ἔβαν
 δείμασιν ἐννυχίοις ἀδόκητα τaráσσ-
 οντ'· ἄλλος ἄλλα δ'
 ἐκφορηθεῖς ἀρτιθανῆς
 φαίνεν ἄταν, οἷ' ἐπίφαισκε μαθεῖν μάντις φόβος,
 ὅφρα τις εὖ προδαιῖς
 μὴ 'ξ ἀτεκμάρτων ὀλοῖτ'· οὐ μὰν μόρου
 μέλλον ἄρ' οὐδ' ὅσιον ζώσειν ἄπειροι,

And a multitude were stricken in the wilderness:
Howbeit the wrath endured not for long,
For a blameless man hasted to be their champion:
Bringing the weapon of his own ministry,
Even prayer and the propitiation of incense,
He withstood the indignation, and set an end to
the calamity,
Shewing that he was thy servant.
And he overcame the anger,
Not by strength of body, not by efficacy of weapons,
But by word did he subdue the minister of punish-
ment,
By bringing to remembrance oaths and covenants
made with the fathers.
For when the dead were already fallen in heaps
one upon another,

Standing between he stopped the advancing wrath,
And cut off the way to the living.
For upon his long high-priestly robe
was the whole world,
And the glories of the fathers
were upon the graving
of the four rows of precious stones,
And thy majesty was upon the diadem of his head.
To these the destroyer gave place,
and these the people feared,
For it was enough only to make trial of the wrath.

ἀλλὰ παμπολλοὶ κατ' ἐρῆμα πίτνουν· ἐπὶ δὲ β'
οὐχὶ δαρὸν μάν, ἀμεμφῆς γὰρ Διὸς
προσπόλῃ τιμάορος ἀνὴρ ἐφάνη σὺν μαχανᾷ·
κεῖνος ἀντιστὰς λιτὰ θύματα φαίνων
καὶ τέλος ἀγνὸν ἄσπλος παῦσεν ἄταν καὶ κότον,
οὐ κατὰ σώματος ἰσχὺν οὐδὲ χαλκαίχμῃ κράτει,
ἀλλ' ἐπέων σθένος ἄτας ἱερέ ἔχων δάμασεν,
ὀρκίων τεθμὸν προγόνοισιν ἀναμνάσας δοθέντα·
φθιμένων γὰρ ἐπ' ἀλλάλοισι θίνες δὴ πέσον,

ἐν μέσφ δὲ στὰς ἐπιούσαν ἔριν στροφή γ'
ἔσχεν, ἐς ζῶντας δ' ἀνέκοψε κέλευθον·
καὶ γὰρ ἐν στολμοῖς μὲν ἦν
γαίας τε καὶ οὐρανίων
πᾶσα φυά, πατέρων δ' ἐπιχώρια τετρ-
αστοιχος εἶχεν
τεθμὸς ἐγγλυφθέντα λίθων,
στέμμα δὲ κρατὸς τεὸν εἶχε σέβας· τοῖσιν πέπων
εἴξεν ὁ λουγοφόρος,
πτᾶξε δ' αἰδεσθεῖς ὅπιν λαὸς κότον
Ζηνὸς ἄλις γε μαθὼν καὶ πρωτόπειρος.

H.

5

Τίκτει δέ τε θνατοῖσιν εἰρήνην μέγαν
πλοῦτον μελιγλώσσων τ' αἰοιδᾶν ἄνθεα,
δαιδαλέων τ' ἐπὶ βωμῶν θεοῖσιν αἰθεσθαι βοῶν
ξανθᾶ φλογὶ μῆρα τανυτρίχων τε μήλων,
γυμνασίων τε νέοις αὐλῶν τε καὶ κόμων μέλειν·
ἐν δὲ σιδαροδέτοις πόρπαξιν αἰθᾶν
ἀραχνᾶν ἵστοι πέλονται·
ἔγχεά τε λογχωτὰ ξίφεά τ' ἀμφάκεα
δάμναται εὐρώς·
χαλκεᾶν δ' οὐκ ἔστι σαλπίγγων κτύπος·
οὐδὲ συλᾶται μελίφρων
ἕπνος ἀπὸ βλεφάρων,
ἄφως δὲ θάλλπει κέαρ·
συμποσίων δ' ἐρατῶν βρίθοντ' ἀγνυαί,
παιδικοί θ' ὕμνοι φλέγονται.

Peace upon earth

Brings Wealth and blossom of dulcet Song to birth ;
To the Gods on carven altars makes thighs of oxen
burn,

And sheep in the yellow flame,

And bids the young men's thoughts to the wrestling-
game

And revel and hautboy turn.

Webs of the spider brown in the iron shield are made,
And rust grows over the edge of the sword and
the lance's blade ;

The sound of the brazen trumpet is not heard,
Nor the still air stirred

And the sweet of slumber torn

From the eyelid heavy at morn :

Banquet and blithe carousal throng the ways,

And the amorous hymn like fire in the air breaks
forth in praise.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΙΚΕΤΙΔΩΝ

Εἰ δὲ κυρεῖ τις πέλας οἰωνοπόλων
ἔγγαιος οἶκτον αἰών,
δοξάσει τις ἀκούειν
ὅπα τᾶς Τηρεῖας
μητίδος οἰκτρᾶς ἀλόχου
κιρκηλάτου τ' ἀηδόνος·

ἄτ' ἀπὸ χώρων ποτάμων τ' εἰργομένα
πενθεῖ μὲν οἶκτον ἡθέων,
συντίθῃσι δὲ παιδὸς
μόρον, ὥς αὐτοφόνως
ᾔλετο πρὸς χειρὸς ἔθεν,
δυσμάτορος κότου τυχών.

FROM THE FIRST CHORUS IN THE
SUPPLIANTS

II 1

While we grieve, were any near
Listening with an augur's ear,
'Tis the sad voice,' he should guess,
'Of that rueful wife's distress
'Tereus wedded,—'tis the wail
'Of the hawk-chased nightingale!'

II 2

She too, reft of home and river,
Her lost haunts bewaileth ever,
And in her sad story's loom
Weaves that other piteous doom,—
Her own son beloved, that she
Murdered so unmotherly!

τὼς καὶ ἐγὼ φιλόδουτος Ἰαονίοισι νόμοισι
δάπτω τὰν ἀπαλὰν
εἰλοθερῇ παρειὰν
ἀπειρόδακρύν τε καρδίαν·
γοεδνὰ δ' ἀνθεμίζομαι,
δειμαίνουσα φίλους,
τᾶσδε φυγᾶς
ἀερίας ἀπὸ γᾶς
εἴ τις ἐστὶ κηδεμών.

ἀλλὰ, θεοὶ γενέται, κλύετ' εὖ τὸ δίκαιον ἰδόντες·
ἦβᾶ μὴ τέλεον
δόντες ἔχειν παρ' αἴσαν,
ὑβριν δ' ἐτύμως στυγόντες,
πέλοιτ' ἂν ἔνδικοι γάμοις.
ἔστι δὲ καὶ πολέμου
τειρομένοις
βωμὸς ἀρῆς φυγᾶσιν
ῥῦμα, δαιμόνων σέβας.

III 1

I, like her, lament and plain
Softly in sad Ionian strain :
Tender sunburnt cheek is bruised,
And, to tears erewhile unused,
Heart from sorrow's inmost springs
Now their bitterest essence wrings :—
Here, my heavy mind misgives,
No friend careth, no help lives
For the Dim Land's fugitives.

III 2

Nay but, O Gods, our Sires divine,
Hear us, and let your eyes incline
To Justice! If ye would be just,
O grant not the desire of lust!
Let violent sin be right abhorred :
Even to them that fly the sword,
Even to men from battle driven
Altars are for refuge given,
Sacred in the sight of Heaven.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α΄

εἴθ' εἴη Διὸς εὖ παναληθῶς—

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β΄

Διὸς ἕμερος οὐκ
 εὐθήρατος ἐτύχθη·
 παντᾶ τοι φλεγέθει
 κὰν σκότῳ μελαίνα ξὺν τύχῃ
 μερόπεσσι λαοῖς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α΄

πίπτει δ' ἀσφαλὲς οὐδ' ἐπὶ νώτῳ
 κορυφᾷ Διὸς εἰ
 κρανθῇ πρᾶγμα τέλειον.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β΄

δαῦλοι γὰρ πρᾶπιδων
 δάσκειοί τε τείνουσιν πόροι
 κατιδεῖν ἄφραστοι.

IV 1

FIRST VOICE

O might we know beyond all doubt
What Zeus would—

SECOND VOICE

Nay, past searching out!
God's will before our human sight
Shines against blackest foil of night
Only with dull and smouldering light.

IV 2

FIRST VOICE

But all effects his will intends
Fall to safe undefeated ends.

SECOND VOICE

Tangled in gloomy thickets blind
And close beyond discerning wind
The dark ways of his secret mind.

ἰάπτει δ' ἐλπίδων
 ἀφ' ὑψιπύργων πανώλεις
 βροτούς, βίαν δ' οὖ
 τιν' ἐξοπλίζει.
 τὰν ἄπονον δ' ἁρμονίαν
 ἤμενος ἅμ φρόνημά πως
 αὐτόθεν ἐξέπραξεν ἔμπας
 ἐδράνων ἀφ' ἀγνῶν.

ἰδέσθω δ' εἰς ὕβριν
 βρότειον οἷα νεάζει
 πυθμὴν δι' ἁμὸν
 γάμον τεθαλὼς
 δυσπαραβούλοισι φρεσίν,
 καὶ διάνοιαν μαινόλιν
 κέντρον ἔχων ἄφυκτον, ἄτας
 ἀπάταν μεταλγούς.

THE WHOLE CHORUS

V 1

From towering Hope's ambitious height
Down to Perdition's blackest pit
He hurls the aspiring thoughts of Man,
Yet stirs not, yet exerts no force:
Calm in his will's enabled might
His throned imaginations sit,
And see the World's harmonious Plan
Move onward in its ordered course.

V 2

So let his eyes behold and see
On earth now what intemperate sin,
What violent heats of froward youth
The old evil stock buds forth again!
Thus amorous and athirst for me,
With heart's own folly spurred within
To madness,—and the mocked heart's ruth
Repentant in its ruinous train!

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΙΚΕΤΙΔΩΝ

Ἄναξ ἀνάκτων, μακάρων
 μακάρτατε, καὶ τελέων τελει-
 ότατον κράτος, ὀλβιε Ζεῦ,
 πιθοῦ τε καὶ γενέσθω·
 ἄλευσον ἀνδρῶν ὕβριν εὖ στυγήσας,
 λίμνα τ' ἔμβαλε πορφυροειδεῖ
 τὰν μελανόζυγ' ἄταν.

τὸ πρὸς γυναικῶν δ' ἐπιδῶν
 παλαίφατον ἀμέτερον γένος,
 φιλίας προγόνου γυναικὸς
 νέωσον εὐφρον' αἶνον·
 γενοῦ πολυμνάστορ, ἔφαπτορ Ἴους·
 Διὰί τοι γένος εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι
 γᾶς ἀπὸ τᾶσδ' ἐνοίκου.

THE FOURTH CHORUS IN THE
SUPPLIANTS

I 1

O King of Kings, among the blest
Most blessed, with dominion clothed
Among the perfect perfectest,
Zeus in thy heaven, give ear and save:
Defend us from this manhood's loathed
And violent outrage! Whelm and quench
Their engine of the dusky bench,
And plunge them in the glooming wave!

I 2

Regard us women, take our part;
Let once again that Woman stir
Fond memory in thy mindful heart,
The foundress of our ancient line:
Remember, O forget not her
On whom thy mystic hand was laid;
Io, that in this region strayed,
Hers are we born, O Lord, and thine!

παλαιὸν δ' εἰς ἔχνος μετέσταν
 ματέρος ἀνθονόμους ἐπωπᾶς,
 λειμῶνα βούχιλον, ἔνθεν ἰὼ
 οἴστρῳ ἐρεβομένα
 φεύγει ἀμαρτίνοος,
 πολλὰ βροτῶν διαμειβομένα
 φύλα, διχῇ δ' ἀντίπορον
 γαῖαν ἐν αἴσῃ διατέμ-
 νουσα πόρον
 κυματίαν ὀρίζει.

ἰάπτει δ' Ἀσίδος δι' αἶας
 μηλοβότου Φρυγίας διαμπάξ,
 περᾷ δὲ Τεύθραντος ἄστρῳ Μουσῶν
 Λύδιά τε γύαλα,
 καὶ δι' ὀρῶν Κιλικῶν
 Παμφύλων τε διορνημένα
 γᾶν ποταμούς τ' ἀενάους
 καὶ βαθύπλουτον χθόνα καὶ
 τᾶς Ἀφροδί-
 τας πολύπυρον αἶαν.

II 1

Our steps again are homed
Where once our Mother roamed
The guarded meadow of her flowery feeding ;
Hence, from the soil we tread,
The sore-teased Io fled,
Through many a tribe of men so madly speeding ;
Then, to fulfil her destined fate,
Held for the far shore, sundering the opposed strait.

II 2

Through Asia then she flew,
The Phrygian pastures through,
By Teuthras' town among the Mysians lying,
O'er Lydian lowlands wide
And many a mountain-side
Alike Pamphylian and Cilician flying,
Perennial river, golden plain,
And corn-abounding region, Aphrodite's reign.

ἰκνεῖται δ', εἰσικνουμένου βέλει
 βουκόλου πτερόεντος,
 Δῖον πάμβοτον ἄλσος,
 λειμῶνα χιονοβόσκον ὄντ' ἐπέρχεται
 Τυφῶ μένος
 ὕδωρ τε Νείλου νόσοις ἄθικτον,
 μαινομένα πόνοις ἀτίμοις
 ὀδύναις τε κεντροδα-
 λήτισι θυιάς Ἥρας.

βροτοὶ δ' οἳ γὰς τότε ἦσαν ἔννομοι
 χλωρῷ δείματι θυμὸν
 πάλλονται ὄψιν ἀήθη,
 βοτὸν ἐσορῶντες δυσχερὲς μιξόμβροτον,
 τὰ μὲν βοός,
 τὰ δ' αὖ γυναικός· τέρας δ' ἐθάμβουν.
 καὶ τότε δὴ τίς ἦν ὁ θέλξας
 πολὺπλαγκτον ἀθλίαν
 οἰστροδόνητον Ἰώ;

III 1

Still by the wingèd herd
With sharp goad's pricking spurred,
She won at last that fair divine green Isle,
God's pasture fed with snows,
Where meet the eternal foes,
Harsh Typho and the pure diseaseless Nile;
There, maddening with spiteful shame
And stings of Hera's malice, all distraught she came.

III 2

The folk then dwelling near
Paled with sickly fear,
Trembling amazed before the uncouth sight,—
A creature twinned, half-human,
Part heifer and part woman,—
Monstrous, a thing for marvelling and affright:—
Then who was he that gave her peace
And made the long-tormented Io's pain to cease?

Ζεὺς αἰῶνος κρέων ἀπαύστου

.

βία δ' ἀπημαντοσθενεῖ

καὶ θεῖαις ἐπιπνοίαις

παύεται, δακρύων δ' ἀπο-

στάζει πένθιμον αἰδῶ·

λαβοῦσα δ' ἔρμα Δίον ἀψευδεῖ λόγῳ

γείνατο παῖδ' ἀμεμφή,

δι' αἰῶνος μακροῦ πάνολβον·

ἔνθεν πᾶσα βοᾷ χθών·

“φυσιζόου γένος τόδε

Ζηνός ἐστιν ἀληθῶς·

τίς γὰρ ἂν κατέπαυσεν Ἥ-

ρας νόσους ἐπιβούλους;

Διὸς τόδ' ἔργον, καὶ τόδ' ἂν γένος λέγων

ἐξ Ἑπάφου κυρήσαις.”

IV 1

Lord through all time's unending length,
O Zeus, the act was thine!
By force of thine unhurtful strength
And by thy breath divine
Her pain was healed, the spring unsealed
Of sorrowing tears and shameful ruth:
Zeus-laden then in very sooth,
A perfect Son she bare to thee.

IV 2

A Son throughout all ages blest;
Whence every land doth cry:
"Here is the seed of Zeus confessed,
Life-giving Lord on high:
Those plagues that Hera's wrath designed
Whose power but His had strength to cure?
This was His doing; these, for sure,
The ancient race of Epaphus."

τίν' ἂν θεῶν ἐνδικωτέροισιν
κεκλοίμαν εὐλόγως ἐπ' ἔργοις;
πατὴρ φυτουργὸς αὐτός, αὐτοχεὶρ ἄναξ,
γένους παλαιόφρων μέγας
τέκτων, τὸ πᾶν
μῆχαρ οὖριος Ζεὺς.

ὑπ' ἀρχᾶς δ' οὔτινος θοάζων
τὸ μείον κρεισσόνων κρατύνει;
οὔτινος ἄνωθεν ἡμένου σέβει κάτω,
πάρεστι δ' ἔργον ὥς ἔπος
σπεύσαί τι τῶν
βούλιος φέρει φρήν.

V 1

Where have I cause in equal deed
To call on such another's name?
He with his hand hath sown our seed,
In wisdom hath designed our frame;
Lord Zeus, before whose favouring air
Move all things to an issue fair.

V 2

And is there none with prouder might
He waits on in the lower place?
None is there underneath whose right
He bows, abiding soveran grace:
Whate'er his counsel, it may run;
He speaks it,—and the act is done.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΙΚΕΤΙΔΩΝ

νῦν ὅτε καὶ θεοὶ
 Διογενεῖς κλύοιτ' εὐ-
 κταῖα γένει χεούσας·
 μήποτε πυρίφατον
 τάνδε Πελασγίαν
 τὸν ἄχορον βοᾶν
 κτίσαι μάχλον Ἄρη,
 τὸν ἀρότοις
 θερίζοντα βροτοὺς ἐν ἄλλοις,

οὐνεκ' ὄκτισαν ἡμᾶς,
 ψῆφον δ' εὐφρον' ἔθεντο·
 αἰδοῦνται δ' ἰκέτας Διός,
 ποιμναν τάνδ' ἀμέγαρτον·

THE FIFTH CHORUS IN THE
SUPPLIANTS

I I

Now to our voice lend ear indeed,
Ye Powers in heaven above, and speed
 These blessings vowed!
His harsh cry Ares never raise
To set this happy land ablaze,—
Lewd Reaper, whose red sickle mows
Harvest in other fields than those
 With iron ploughed.

Compassion moved their heart;
Choosing the righteous part,
They chose with high uplifted hand
This wretched pilgrim band.

οὐδὲ μετ' ἀρσένων
 ψῆφον ἔθεντ' ἀτιμώ-
 σαντες ἔριν γυναικῶν,
 Δίον ἐπιδόμενοι
 πράκτορ' ἅτ' ἐς κότον
 δυσπολέμητον, δν
 τίς ἂν δόμος ἔχοι
 ἐπ' ὀρόφων
 μαίνοντας; βαρὺς δ' ἐφίξει.

ἄζονται γὰρ ὁμαίμους
 Ζηνὸς ἱκτορας ἀγνοῦ·
 τοιγάρτοι καθαροῖσι βω-
 μοῖς θεοὺς ἀρέσονται.

τοιγὰρ ὑποσκίων ἐκ
 στομάτων ποτάσθω
 φιλότιμος εὐχά·
 μήποτε λοιμὸς ἀνδρῶν
 τάνδε πόλιν κενώσαι·
 μηδ' ἐπιχωρίοις στάσις
 πτώμασιν αἱματίσαι πέδον γᾶς.

I 2

They would not take with wrongful choice
 The man's part, and despise the voice
 Of woman's prayer:
 Above stood ever in their sight
 Anger of God's offended Right:—
 Unwelcomed on the roof would perch
 Those black feet with defiling smirch,
 So hard they bear!

 Their souls revered their race,
 Kin suppliants under grace
 Of Pure Zeus; therefore altars pure
 Shall find God's favour sure.

II 1

From this green covert then take wing
 Our voices, and for honour sing
 With eager strife:—
 May Pestilence these places fair
 Never leave of manhood bare;
 Never here may civic broil
 Stain with corpses red the soil
 That reared their life!

ἦβας δ' ἄνθος ἄδρεπτον
 ἔστω· μηδ' Ἀφροδίτας
 εὐνάτωρ βροτολογὸς Ἄ-
 ρης κέρσειεν ἄωτον.

καὶ γεραροῖσι πρεσβυ-
 τοδόκοι θυηλαῖς
 θυμέλαι φλεγόντων.
 τὼς πόλιν εὖ νέμοιτο
 Ζῆνα μέγαν σεβόντων,
 τὸν ξένιον δ' ὑπέρτατον,
 δς πολιῷ νόμῳ αἴσαν ὀρθοῖ.

τίκτεσθαι δὲ φόρους γᾶς
 ἄλλους εὐχόμεθ' αἰεὶ,
 Ἄρτεμιν δ' ἐκάταν γυναι-
 κῶν λόχους ἐφορεύειν.

The young bloom live unshorn ;
Let Ares in the morn
Stir not from Aphrodite's bower
To crop this human flower !

II 2

With old men bringing gifts and prayers
In reverent age the altar-stairs
 Be always thronged ;
So the land still rest ordered well,
If Zeus within their conscience dwell,
Zeus of the Stranger, who by Law's
Old usage high upholds the cause
 Of Right unwronged.

The earth bring forth her due
Of tribute ever new,
And Artemis, fair Archeress,
Their labouring women bless !

μηδέ τις ἀνδροκμήs
 λαιγὸς ἐπελθέτω
 τάνδε πόλιν δαΐζων,
 ἄχορον ἀκίθαριν
 δακρυογόνον Ἴρη
 βοάν τ' ἔνδημον ἐξοπλίζων.

νούσων δ' ἐσμὸς ἀπ' ἀστῶν
 Ἴζοι κρατὸς ἀτερπής·
 εὐμενής δ' ὁ Λύκειος ἔ-
 στω πάσα νεολαία.

καρποτελή δέ τοι
 Ζεὺς ἐπικραινέτω
 φέρματι γᾶν πανώρη·
 πρόνομα δὲ βοτὰ τῶs
 πολύγωνα τελέθου·
 τὸ πᾶν τ' ἐκ δαιμόνων λάβοιεν.

εὐφήμοις δ' ἐπὶ βωμοῖs
 μούσαν θείατ' αἰδοί·
 ἄγνων τ' ἐκ στομάτων φερέ-
 σθω φήμα φιλοφόρμυξ.

III 1

Murderous hate come never near,
Put not arms in Ares' hand,
That hush the lute and wake the tear;
Their war be with the foeman's land,
But not cry havoc here!

Swarms of diseases dread
Light far from these folks' head!
O heavenly Slayer, let thy mind
To all their youth be kind!

III 2

Zeus in heaven above fulfil
Yield of the earth at every tide,
And teem the grazing cattle still
With increase; and in all beside
God grant them all their will!

Then by the altar-blaze
Arise glad songs of praise;
Quiring in air from holy throat
Harp-wedded anthems float!

φυλάσσοι δ' εὖ τὰ τίμ' ἀστοῖς
τὸ δῆμιον, τὸ πτόλιν κρατύνει,
προμαθὺς εὐκοινόμεντις ἀρχά,
ξένοισί τ' εὐξυμβόλους,
πρὶν ἐξοπλίζειν Ἄρη,
δίκας ἄτερ πημάτων διδοῖεν.

θεοὺς δ', οἳ γὰν ἔχουσιν, αἰεὶ
τίοιεν ἐγχωρίους πατρῷαις
δαφνηφόροις βουθύτοισι τιμαῖς·
τὸ γὰρ τεκόντων σέβας,
τρίτον τόδ' ἐν θεσμίοις
Δίκας γέγραπται μεγιστοτίμου.

IV 1

For Burghers may the People keep
Rights and endowments unimpaired,
Nor let their prudent counsel sleep
For common weal in common shared :—
To Strangers, ere they draw the sword
And difference painfully dispute,
To Justice of the laws afford
Peaceful appeal in civil suit.

IV 2

For Gods, their native land who hold,
The country's worship still maintain
After their fathers' use of old
With laurel borne, with oxen slain :—
Their fathers' use; that solemn word
Honour thy Parents, child, with awe
Stands the commandment written third
In holiest Right's most honoured Law.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΕΥΜΕΝΙΔΩΝ

δέξομαι Παλλάδος ξυνοικίαν,
οὐδ' ἀτιμάσω πόλιν,
τὰν καὶ Ζεὺς ὁ παγκρατὴς Ἄρης τε
φρούριον θεῶν νέμει,
ῥυσίβωμον Ἑλλά-
νων ἄγαλμα δαιμόνων·
ἄτ' ἐγὼ κατεύχομαι
θεσπίσασα πρεφυμένῳς
ἐπισσύτους βίου τύχας ὀνησίμους
γαίας ἐξαμβρῦσαι
φαιδρὸν αἰλίου σέλας.

THE LAST SCENE OF THE *EUMENIDES*

CHORUS OF EUMENIDES

I 1

Home with Pallas I will share,
Nor despise a land so fair,
Wherein Zeus and Ares dwell,
Heaven's bright earthly citadel!
Shield of every native shrine,
Spirits divine
Count thee gem of purest shine
And their dear delight:
Now, shall my lips make for thee
Prayer with heartfelt charity
And foretelling bright:
Life with all life's joys belonging
Gendered from the Earth come thronging
By the Sun's bright heavenly might!

H.

7

ΑΘΗΝΑ

τάδ' ἐγὼ προφρόνως τοῖσδε πολίταις
 πρᾶσσω, μεγάλας καὶ δυσαρέστους
 δαίμονας αὐτοῦ κατανασσαμένη·
 πάντα γὰρ αὐταὶ τὰ κατ' ἀνθρώπους
 ἔλαχον διέπειν·

ὃ γε μὴν κύρσας βαρέων τούτων
 οὐκ οἶδεν ὄθεν πληγαὶ βίότου.
 τὰ γὰρ ἐκ προτέρων ἀπλακήματά νιν
 πρὸς τάσδ' ἀπάγει· συγῶν δ' ὄλεθρος
 καὶ μέγα φωνοῦντ'
 ἐχθραῖς ὀργαῖς ἀμαθύνει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δενδροπήμων δὲ μὴ πνέοι βλάβα,
 τὰν ἐμὰν χάριν λέγω,
 φλογμός τ' ὀμματοστερῆς φυτῶν τὸ
 μὴ περᾶν ὄρον τόπων·

ATHENA

It is in kindness unto these

My Burghers that I stablish here
Within my region Deities

Of powerful might and mood severe.
Dispose of all things touching Man
Lies in their lawful competence;
But whoso comes beneath their ban,
Feels a blow fall, he knows not whence.

His fathers' ancient sins arrest

And hale him where these Dread Ones are;
And wrath, for all his loud protest,
In silence damns him at their bar.

CHORUS

I 2

On the fruit-trees never blow—
By my grace I will it so—
Withering blast or singeing air,
But keep their regions, and forbear
The young green budded eyes to sear;

7—2

414234

μηδ' ἄκαρπος αἰα-
 νῆς ἐφερπέτω νόσος·
 μῆλά τ' εὐθενοῦντα Πᾶν
 ξὺν διπλοῖσιν ἐμβρύοις
 τρέφοι χρόνῳ τεταγμένῳ· γόνος δὲ γᾶς
 πλουτόχθων ἐρμαίαν
 δαιμόνων δόσιν τίλοι.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἢ τάδ' ἀκούετε, πόλεως φρούριον,
 οἷ' ἐπικραίνει; μέγα γὰρ δύναται
 πόντι' Ἑρινὺς παρά τ' ἀθανάτοις
 τοῖς θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν, περί τ' ἀνθρώπων
 φανερώς τελέως διαπράσσουσιν,
 τοῖς μὲν αἰοιδάς, τοῖς δ' αὖ δακρύων
 βίον ἀμβλωπὸν παρέχουσαι.

Come not here
Mildew, bringing blight's drear
Waste and sterile dearth:
Pan make their flocks thrive
And in season bear alive
Twin-increased birth;
Whence the God of Trover's treasure
Win reward in ample measure
From the store of teeming Earth!

ATHENA

My warders, hear what they bestow!
What bounties, and how surely sealed;
For both in Heaven and Earth below
Great power the Queen Avengers wield:
And in the lives of Men confessed
Most absolute their power appears,
Either with songs to make them blest,
Or blind them in a mist of tears.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀνδροκμήτας δ' ἰώ-
 ρους ἀπεννέπω τύχας,
 νεανίδων τ' ἐπηράτων
 ἀνδροτυχεῖς βιότους
 δότε, κύρι' ἔχοντες,
 θεαί τ' ὦ Μοῖραι,
 ματροκασιγνήται,
 δαίμονες ὀρθονόμοι,
 παντὶ δόμῳ μετάκοινοι,
 παντὶ χρόνῳ δ' ἐπιβριθεῖς
 ἐνδίκους ὀμιλίας,
 πάντα
 τιμώταται θεῶν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

τάδε τοι χώρα τήμῃ προφρόνως
 ἐπικραυνομένων
 γάννυμαι· στέργω δ' ὄμματα Πειθοῦς,
 ὅτι μοι γλώσσαν καὶ στόμ' ἐπωπῆ
 πρὸς τάσδ' ἀγρίως ἀπανηναμένας·
 ἀλλ' ἐκράτησε Ζεὺς ἀγοραῖος,
 νικῶ δ' ἀγαθῶν
 ἔρις ἡμετέρα διὰ παντός.

CHORUS

II 1

All untimely deaths, avaunt !
 Afar be unripe manhood's doom !
And O ye Powers of Marriage, grant
 Wedlock to her maiden bloom ;
 With you, from one dark Mother's womb
The Fates our Sisters, who dispense
Dues to the world, whose influence
Every home feels, every hour
Owns your present ruling power
 Grave with just and righteous reason,
 Every season
Yields the crown of Heaven to you !

ATHENA

It fills my heart with happiness
 To hear this benediction sung :—
Dear Suasion, thy sweet eyes I bless
 That looked with favour on my tongue !
So wrathful and averse they stood ;
 But Zeus of Parley won the day,
And crowned our rivalry for good
 Victorious every way !

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὰν δ' ἄπληστον κακῶν
 μήποτ' ἐν πόλει στάσιν
 τᾷδ' ἐπεύχομαι βρέμειν·
 μὴδὲ πιούσα κόνις
 μέλαν αἷμα πολιτᾶν
 δι' ὀργὰν ποιναῖς
 ἀντιφόνους ἄτας
 ἀρπαλίσαι πόλεως·
 χάρματα δ' ἀντιδιδόειν
 κοινοφιλεῖ διανοίᾳ,
 καὶ στυγεῖν μᾶ φρενί·
 πολλῶν
 γὰρ τόδ' ἐν βροτοῖς ἄκος.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἄρα φρονοῦσιν γλώσσης ἀγαθῆς
 ὁδὸν εὕρισκειν·
 ἐκ τῶν φοβερῶν τῶνδε προσέρπον
 μέγα κέρδος ὁρῶ τοῖσδε πολίταις·
 τάσδε γὰρ εὐφρονας εὐφρονες αἰεὶ
 μέγα τιμῶντες, καὶ γῆν καὶ πόλιν
 ὀρθοδίκαιον
 πρέψετε πάντως διάγοντες.

CHORUS

II 2

The unsated storm of civic broil
 Within these borders never burst;
Never here their mother-soil
 Drink the dear blood of them she nursed,
 Then, ravening with awakened thirst,
Arm with sudden murderous knife
Vengeance crying '*Life for Life!*'
Joy for joy their giving be;
Let them in their loves agree
 And their hates with heart's one feeling;
 There lies healing
Many an earthly ill may cure.

ATHENA

How apt their wisdom is to learn
 Good language! In these Shapes of fear
Much gain and vantage I discern
 In store for all my burghers here:—
Yield them great honour, keep good will
 Between you, and your land shall be
A star among the nations still
 For just and righteous polity.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χαίρετε χαίρετ' ἐν αἰσιμίαισι πλούτου,
χαίρετ' ἀστικὸς λεώς,
ἔκταρ ἡμένας Διὸς
παρθένου φίλας φίλοι,
σωφρονοῦντες ἐν χρόνῳ·
Παλλιάδος δ' ὑπὸ πτεροῖς
δντας ἄζεται πατήρ.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

χαίρετε χῦμεις· προτέραν δ' ἐμὲ χρῆ
στείλχειν θαλάμους ἀποδείξουσιν
πρὸς φῶς ἱερὸν τῶνδε προπομπῶν.
ἴτε καὶ σφαγίων τῶνδ' ὑπὸ σεμνῶν
κατὰ γῆς σύμεναι τὸ μὲν ἀτηρὸν
χωρὶς κατέχειν, τὸ δὲ κερδαλέον
πέμπειν πόλεως ἐπὶ νίκη.
ὕμεις δ' ἡγείσθε, πολισσοῦχοι
παῖδες Κραναοῦ, ταῖσδε μετοίκους,
εἴη δ' ἀγαθῶν
ἀγαθὴ διάνοια πολίταις.

CHORUS

III 1

Fare ye well, rejoiced with riches' righteous portion,
fare ye well,
Folk that in this city nigh to God's own Virgin
Daughter dwell ;
Dear to her as she to Zeus, beloved and loving,
timely-wise,
And, beneath her wings abiding, sacred in the
Father's eyes.

ATHENA

And fare ye well ! But I must go
Before you to the place below
And point you to your chambers right
By the sacred torches' light
Which this troop in escort bear.
Then, being stately ushered there .
With solemn sacrifice of slain,
All evil from this land refrain :
Keep all harm in durance penned,
And all gainful blessing send
To give her victory !
Come then, Cranaus' ancient seed,
My Citizens, my Burghers, lead
And bring these Dwellers on their way,
Still keeping in your hearts, I pray,
Good will and charity !

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χαίρετε, χαίρετε δ' αὖθις, ἔπη διπλοῖζω,
 πάντες οἱ κατὰ πτόλιν,
 δαίμονές τε καὶ βροτοί,
 Παλλάδος πόλιν νέμον-
 τες· μετοικίαν δ' ἐμῇν
 εὖ σέβοντες οὔτι μέμ-
 ψεσθε συμφορὰς βίου.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

αἰνῶ τε μύθους τῶνδε τῶν κατευγμάτων,
 πέμψω τε φέγγει λαμπάδων σελασφόρων
 εἰς τοὺς ἔνερθε καὶ κάτω χθονὸς τόπους
 ξὺν προσπόλοισιν, αἵτε φρουροῦσιν βρέτας
 τοῦμόν, δικαίως· ὄμμα γὰρ πάσης χθονὸς
 Θησῆδος ἐξίκοιτ' ἄν, εὐκλεὴς λόχος
 παίδων γυναικῶν καὶ στόλος πρεσβυτίδων.
 φοινικοβάπτοις ἐνδυτοῖς ἐσθήμασι
 τιμᾶτε, καὶ τὸ φέγγος ὀρμάσθω πάρος,
 ὅπως ἂν εὐφρων ᾗδ' ὁμίλια χθονὸς
 τὸ λοιπὸν εὐάνδρσι συμφοραῖς πρέπη.

CHORUS

III 2

Fare ye well, yet once again I speak my blessing,
fare ye well,
Mortals all and Spirits immortal in this happy land
who dwell;
Keep the home I share with Pallas holy, ye shall
surely find
Life to full contentment ever prove in all her fortunes
kind.

ATHENA

I do commend the terms
Of these your blessings, and will bring you now,
With fiery flame of torches giving shine,
To those profound and cavernous abodes,
With noblest escort led, the ministers
That guard my sacred image: and with right;
For it shall issue forth the fairest fair
Of all the land of Theseus,—women, maids,
And aged matrons.—Come then, do them honour;
Deck them with crimson robes of festival,
And let the bright light move; that so the land
May find this company's good will henceforth
Marked in her manhood's excellence and worth.

ΠΡΟΠΟΜΠΟΙ

Βᾶθ' ὁδόν, ὧ μεγάλοι φιλότιμοι
 Νυκτὸς παῖδες, ὑπ' εὐφροني πομπᾷ—
 εὐφαιμέετε δὲ, χωρίται.

γᾶς ὑπὸ κεύθεσιν ὠγυγίοισιν
 τιμαῖς καὶ θυσίαις περισέπται—
 εὐφαιμέετε δὲ πανδαμῇ.

Ἰλαοι δὲ καὶ εὐθύφρονες γᾶ
 δεῦρ' ἵτε, σεμναί, τᾷ πυριδάπτῳ
 λαμπάδι τερπόμεναι καθ' ὁδόν—
 ὀλολύξατε νῦν ἐπὶ μολπαῖς.

σπονδᾷ τ', εἰς τόπον ἔνδαϊδ' οἴκων·
 Παλλάδος ἀστοῖς Ζεὺς ὁ πανόπτας
 οὕτω Μοῖρά τε συγκατέβα·

ὀλολύξατε νῦν ἐπὶ μολπαῖς.

CHORUS OF THE ESCORT

IV

Come away then and pass where good will shall
estate you,
Dread Children of Night, in the pride of your
dower—

Let all the people refrain their voice!

Where in Earth's immemorial dark caverns await you
Drink-offerings and burnt, adoration, and power:—

Let all the people refrain their voice!

V

Pleased with the bright flaming torches repair with us
Faithful and kind, O ye Awful Ones, kind!
Pass with us here, and while down we are
wending,

Now sound the glad burden, *Rejoice!*

Home in the torch-lighted chamber to share with us,
Friends for all time beside Pallas enshrined:
Zeus with high Fate hath conspired for this
ending:—

Now sound the glad burden, *Rejoice!*

Πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κούδεν ἀνθρώπου
δεινότερον πέλει.
τοῦτο καὶ πολιοῦ πέραν
πόντου χειμερίῳ νότῳ
χωρεῖ περιβρυχίοισιν
περῶν ὑπ' οἷδμασιν·
θεῶν τε τὰν ὑπερτάταν Γᾶν
ἄφθιτον, ἀκαμάταν, ἀποτρύεται,
ἰλλομένων ἀρότρων ἔτος εἰς ἔτος
ἱππεῖῳ γένει πολεῦων.

SECOND CHORUS IN THE *ANTIGONE*

I 1

There are marvellous wonders many
Where'er this world we scan,
Yet among them nowhere any
So great a marvel as Man.
To the white sea's uttermost verges
Afloat this miracle goes,
Forging through thundering surges
When the wintry southwind blows:—
And the Earth, Heaven's Mother, divinest-born,
The eternal, deathless, unoutworn,
Still plied with an endless to-and-fro
As the yearly ploughshares furrowing go,
By Man is fretted and torn.

κουφονόων τε φύλον ὀρνίθων
ἀμφιβαλὼν ἄγει
καὶ θηρῶν ἀγρίων ἔθνη
πόντου τ' εἰναλίαν φύσιν
σπείραισι δικτυοκλώστοις
περιφραδῆς ἀνήρ·
κρατεῖ δὲ μηχαναῖς ἀγραίλου
θηρὸς ὀρεσσιβάτα, λασιαύχενά θ'
ἵππον ὑπ' ἀμφίλοφον ζυγὸν ἄγαγεν
οὔρειόν τ' ἀκμήτα ταῦρον.

I 2

The blithe swift careless races
On light wing flying in air
With speed of his wit he chases
And takes in a woven snare:
All deer in the wild wood running,
The deep sea's diverse kind,
Are snared in toils by the cunning
Of Man's outrivalling mind.
Strength of the lion, lord of the hill,
Yields to Man's overmastering skill;
With his proud mane bowing under the yoke
The rebellious horse is tamed and broke,
And the mountain bull to his will.

καὶ φθέγμα, καὶ ἀνεμόεν
φρόνημα, καὶ ἀστυνόμους
ὄργας ἐδιδάξατο καὶ
δυσαύλων
πάγων ἐναίθρεια καὶ
δύσομβρα φεύγειν βέλη,
παντοπόρος·
ἄπορος
ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἔρχεται
τὸ μέλλον· Ἄιδα μόνον
φεύξιν οὐκ ἐπεύξεται·
νόσων δ' ἀμηχάνων φυγὰς
ξυμπέφρασται.

II 1

He hath found out Speech, and the giving
Of wings to his high proud Thought ;
And the ordered spirit of living
In Towns his mind hath taught ;
Shelter from arrowy shafts
Of the bleak air's frost and sleet ;
There is nought in store but his crafts
Shall have armed him ready to meet ;
He fronts with fresh devices
The future's every shape :—
Only, despite his cunning,
The Grave still mocks all shunning ;
Disease may root her vices,
But Art hath learned escape.

σοφόν τι τὸ μηχανόεν
τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχων
ποτὲ μὲν κακόν, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἐσ-
θλὸν ἔρπει·
νόμους γεραίρων χθονὸς
θεῶν τ' ἔνορκον δίκαν,
ὑψίπολις·
ἄπολις
ὅτφ τὸ μὴ καλὸν
ξύνεστι τολμᾶς χάριν·
μήτ' ἐμοὶ ξυνέστιος
γένοιτο μήτ' ἴσον φρονῶν
ὅς τὰδ' ἔρδει.

II 2

Armed thus with deft resources
 Beyond all dream of skill,
He moves in diverse courses
 To good ends or to ill :—
While conscience holds the Land's
 High Laws and God's own Right
Sacred,—his proud height stands
 In the city's proudest height :
When lawless imagination
 Hath harboured crime in his heart,—
His city is gone for ever—
The man that doeth it, never
In hearth or habitation
 Or spirit of mine have part !

Ἔρωσ ἀνέκατε μάχαν,
 Ἔρωσ, ὃς ἐν κτήμασι πίπτεις,
 ὃς ἐν μαλακαῖς παρειαῖς
 νεάνιδος ἐννυχεύεις,
 φοιτᾷς δ' ὑπερπόντιος ἐν τ'
 ἀγρονόμοις αὐλαῖς·
 καί σ' οὔτ' ἀθανάτων φύξιμος οὔδεις
 οὔθ' ἀμερίων σέ γ' ἀνθρώπων,
 ὁ δ' ἔχων μέμνηεν.

σὺ καὶ δικαίων ἀδίκους
 φρένας παρασπᾷς ἐπὶ λῶβᾳ·
 σὺ καὶ τόδε νεῖκος ἀνδρῶν
 ξύναιμον ἔχεις ταραξας·
 νικᾷ δ' ἐναργῆς βλεφάρων
 ἥμερος εὐλέκτρον
 νύμφας, τῶν μεγάλων πάρεδρος ἐν ἀρχαῖς
 θεσμῶν· ἄμαχος γὰρ ἐμπαίξει
 θεὸς Ἀφροδίτα.

FROM THE FOURTH CHORUS OF THE
ANTIGONE

O Warrior Love unquelled,
 Thou Spoiler, armed for the raid,
Whose vigil at night is held
 On the damask cheeks of a maid ;
Thy path goes over the flowing sea,
 Thy presence dwells in the woodland field ;
Be it god or mortal that fain would flee,
 There is none may fly thee, but all must yield
To the madness gotten of thee !

Though a man choose right, to the wrong
 Thy force will wrest him and spoil ;
It is here, thy spirit is strong
 This kinsman-feud to embroil :
In a fair maid's eyes the desire-light seen
 Victorious burns in the kindled breast ;
Prince in the most high Laws' demesne,
 There dwells, with her wilful tyrannous jest,
The divine triumphant Queen !

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΤΤΙΚΩΝ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΩΝ

εὐίππου, ξένε, τᾶσδε χώρας
ἴκου τὰ κράτιστα γᾶς ἔπαυλα,
τὸν ἀργῆτα Κολωνόν, ἐνθ'
ἀ λῆγεια μινύρεται
θαμίζουσα μάλιστ' ἀηδῶν
χλωραῖς ὑπὸ βάσσαις,
τὸν οἰνωπὸν ἔχουσα κισσὸν
καὶ τὰν ἄβατον θεοῦ
φυλλάδα μυριόκαρπον ἀνήλιον
ἀνήνεμόν τε πάντων
χειμώνων· ἵν' ὁ βακχιώτας
ἀεὶ Διόνυσος ἐμβατεύει
θεαῖς ἀμφιπολῶν τιθήναις.

THIRD CHORUS FROM THE *OEDIPUS*
AT COLONUS

I 1

Stranger, where thy feet now rest
In this land of horse and rider,
Here is earth all earth excelling,
White Colonus here doth shine!
Oftenest here and homing best
Where the close green coverts hide her,
Warbling her sweet mournful tale
Sings the melodious nightingale,
Myriad-berried woods her dwelling,
And the wine-hued ivy, where
Through the sacred leafage lonely
No sun pierces, or rude air
Stirs from outer storm, and only
Those divine feet walk the region—
Thine, O Reveller, thine,
Bacchus, following still that legion
Dear, thy nursing Nymphs divine!

θάλλει δ' οὐρανίας ὑπ' ἄχνας
ὁ καλλίβοτρυς κατ' ἡμαρ αἰεὶ
νάρκισσος, μεγάλαιν θεαῖν
ἀρχαῖον στεφάνωμ', ὃ τε
χρυσαιγῆς κρόκος· οὐδ' αὔπνοι
κρῆναι μινύθουσιν
Κηφισοῦ νομάδες ῥεέθρων,
ἀλλ' αἰὲν ἐπ' ἡματι
ὠκυτόκος πεδίων ἐπινίσσεται
ἀκηράτῃ σὺν δμβρῇ
στερνούχου χθονός· οὐδὲ Μουσᾶν
χοροί νιν ἀπεστύγησαν, οὐδ' ἅ
χρυσάνιος Ἀφροδίτα.

I 2

Fresh with heavenly dews, and crowned
With earliest white in shining cluster,
Each new morn the young narcissus
Blooms, that antique use of old
Bids the Great Queens bind around
Their twain brows; in golden lustre
Here the crocus beams; and here
Spring, nor minish all the year,
Cool deep wells that feed Cephissus:
Rich with balm of speedy birth
Day by day the sleepless river
Issuing o'er the breasted Earth
Wandereth in pure streams to give her
Ease and life. Nor frown the Muses
Or their quires withhold;
Nay, nor sweet Love's Queen refuses
Her bright chariot-reins of gold.

ἔστιν δ' οἶον ἐγὼ γᾶς Ἀσίας
οὐκ ἐπακούω,
οὐδ' ἐν τᾷ μεγάλῃ Δωρίδι νάσφ
Πέλοπος πάποτε βλαστόν,
φύτευμ' ἀχείρωτον, αὐτοποιόν,
ἐγγέων φόβημα δαίτων,
ὃ τᾷδε θάλλει μέγιστα χώρα,
γλαυκᾶς παιδοτρόφου φύλλον ἐλαίας.
τὸ μὲν τις οὐ νεαρὸς οὐδὲ γήρῃ
συνναίων ἀλιώσει χερὶ πέρ-
σας, ὃ γὰρ αἰὲν ὄρων κύκλος
λεύσσει νιν Μορίου Διός,
χὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνα.

II 1

And a marvellous herb of the soil grows here,

Whose match I never have heard it sung

In the Dorian isle of Pelops near

Or in Asia far hath sprung.

'Tis a plant that flourishes unsubdued,

Self-engendering, self-renewed,

To her armed foes' dismay ;

That never so fair but in this land bloomed,—

With the gray-blue silvery leaf soft-plumed,

Her nurturing Olive-spray.

No force, no ravaging hand shall raze it,

In youth so rash, or in age so wise,

For the orb of Zeus in heaven surveys it,

And blue-gray light of Athena's eyes.

ἄλλον δ' αἶνον ἔχω ματροπόλει
τῇδε κράτιστον
δῶρον τοῦ μεγάλου δαίμονος εἰπεῖν,
χθονὸς αὔχημα μέγιστον,
εὐίππον, εὐπῶλον, εὐθάλασσον·
ὦ παῖ Κρόνου, σὺ γάρ νιν εἰς
τόδ' εἰσας αὔχημ', ἄναξ Ποσειδάν,
ἵπποισιν τὸν ἀκεστήρα χαλινὸν
πρώταισι ταῖσδε κτίσας ἀγνυαῖς,
ἃ τ' εὐήρετμος ἔκπαγλ' ἁλία
χερσὶ παραπτομένα πλάτα
θρῆσκει, τῶν ἑκατομπόδων
Νηρηῶν ἀκόλουθος.

II 2

Yet again my song shall arise and tell
Of the proudest jewel the region wears ;
To her Mother's portion of old it fell,
And the Child her birth-right shares :—
Blest in gift of the horse is she,
Gift of the young horse, gift of the sea,
Twice-blest in a two-fold dower :
Thy gift, O Lord of the waves, her throne,
For in her streets first upon earth was shown
Thy chastening bridle's power ;
And here most wonderful over the waters
Slender and shapely the trimmed oar fleet
In the sea-dance following Nereus' daughters
Leaps to the foam of a hundred feet.

Cassius. Hear me, good brother.

Brutus. Under your pardon. You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe ;
The enemy increaseth every day ;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Julius Caesar IV 3

SHAKESPEARE

Macbeth. To be thus is nothing ;
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd : 'tis much he
dares ;

- A. καὶ μὴν ἄκουσον ἐν μέρει κάμου τόδε,—
- B. μήπω γε, δεῖ καὶ τοῦτο δ' ἐννοεῖν, ὅτι
 χρέος τὸ πιστὸν ἔχομεν ἐς τὸ πᾶν φίλους
 πράξαντες· ὀργᾷ πάντα, πληθύνει στρατός·
 καὶ τοῖς μὲν ἰσχὺς αὖξεται καθ' ἡμέραν,
 ἡμῖν δ' ἐτοῖμος ἀκμάσας ἤδη φθίνειν.
 ῥεῖ τοι βρότεια πράγματ'· εὐροοῦντα δὲ
 ἦν μὲν λάβῃ τις, οὐρία χρήται τύχῃ·
 εἰ δ' οὖν ἀμάρτη, βράχεσι καὶ δυσπραξίαις
 ξυνὼν τὸ λοιπὸν τοῦ βίου ναυτίλλεται.
 τοιᾶδε χημᾶς καιρὸς ἐν πλημμυρίδι
 πλεῖν, ἢ παρέντας ἐμπολῆς ἀμαρτάνειν.

MACBETH

ἄρχειν μὲν ἀπλῶς οὐδέν, ἀλλὰ κάσφαλῶς
 προσδεῖ· τὸ δ' ἐκ τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς ἐντέτηκέ μοι
 φόβημα· καὶ νιν ὄντα βασιλικὸν φύσει
 ταρβεῖν ἀνάγκη· πόλλ' ἔχει τολμᾶν θράσος,

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuked. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!

Macbeth III I

ὁμοῦ δ' ἄτρεστον θυμόν οἰακοστρόφοι
 φρένες κατιθύνουσιν ἀσφαλῆ ποιεῖν.
 οὐκ ἔστιν ὄντιν' ἄλλον ἂν τρέσαιμ' ἐγώ,
 πρὸς τόνδε δ' ἦσσω πως ἐλέγχομαι λαχὼν
 τὸν δαίμον'. οὗτος, ἥνιχ' αἱ τρισσαὶ κόραι
 ἄνακτά μ' εἶπον, εἴτ' ἐνίπτει νιν λέγων
 αὐτὸν προσαιδᾶν· αἱ δὲ μαντέων δίκην
 ἔχρησαν αὐτὸν βασιλέων ἀρχηγενῇ
 πολλῶν· ἐμοὶ δ' ἄκαρπον ὤπασαν στέφος
 λιπόσπορόν τε σκῆπτρον εἰσεχείρισαν,
 ὃ τις προσήκων οὐδὲν ἀρπάξας βίβ'
 παίδων ἔρημον διαδόχων μ' ἀποστερεῖ.

εἰ δ' ἔστι ταῦτα, τοῦδ' ἄρ' ἐκγόνων ὑπερ
 χράνας ἔχω τὸν θυμόν, ἄνδρα δ' εὐφιλῇ
 κείνων φονεύσας εἵνεκ', εὐκήλων ἔσω
 φρενῶν ταραξας νεῖκος, ἔγκοτον στάσιν,
 καὶ τὰ κόρεστον εἰς ἐμὸν κᾶρα μύσος
 μάξας, ὅπως κείνοι τυραννῶσιν θρόνων.
 οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλ' ἀγῶνος εἰς πείραν πάρος
 αὐτὴ κατέλθοι μοῖρ', ἵν' εἰδῶμεν, τύχης.

Hamlet. How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'this thing's to do,'
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means,
To do 't.

Hamlet IV 4

φεῦ·

ὥς πάνθ' ὁμοῦ με πράγματ' ἐκ βουλῆς μιᾶς
θήγει τὸν ἀμβλύχειρα· καὶ τί δῆτ' ἀνὴρ,
εὔδειν τε κᾶσθαι, εἰ παρόντ' ἔσται τάδε
τὸ λῶστον ἐμπόλημα τοῦ μακροῦ βίου;
θῆρ οὗτος, οὐκ ἄνθρωπος. ἀλλ' ὃ τοι κτίσας
βλέποντας ἡμᾶς, ὡς φρενῶν ἐπηβόλους,
τὸ πρόσθε καὶ τοῦπισθεν, ἰσόθεον πόρον,
οὐχ ὡς μάτην ἀργήσον ᾧπασεν τόδε.
νῦν δ' εἴτε λήθη κάτοχος ὥστε θῆρ ἐγώ,
εἴτ' οὖν ὅκνη τ' ἀνθένδε καλχαίνων ἄγαν—
οὐπερ σοφὸν μέτεστιν ἔν γ' ἴσως μέρος,
τὰ τρία δὲ πάντως δειλίας τῶν τεσσάρων—
ἐγὼ δ' ὅπως ζῶν εἴμ' ἐπ' ἀπράκτοις ἔτι
οὐκ οἶδ', ὅτῃ πάρεστι τοῦ πρᾶξαι δίκη
πειθῶ τε καὶ θέλοντι μηχανῆς κράτος.

King Lear.

But for true need—

You heavens, give me that patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

King Lear II 4

νῦν δ' ἐπεύχομαι

τλῆναί με, τλῆναι· τοῦδε γὰρ δεῖσθαι πάρα.
 ἰὼ θεοί,

γέρων δδ' ὑμῖν εἴμ', ὑπεργέμων τάλας
 γήρως τε λύπης τ', ἀθλίας ξυνωρίδος.
 ἀλλ' εἴπερ ἐξ ὑμῶν γε προυσελοῦσι τὸν
 φύσαντά μ' αἶδε, παιδιὰν τοσήνδε γοῦν
 μὴ θῆτέ μ' ὥστε τλημόνως φέρειν τάδε·
 ῥήξαιμι δ' εὐγενές τι, μὴ δακρύμασιν
 ἀνὴρ γυναικείοισιν αἰσχύνων ῥέθος.

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ ποινάς, ὃ κατὰπτυστα στήνῃ,
 σάφ' ἴστε—δράσω γὰρ τοσαῦθ', ὅποια μὲν
 οὐπω σαφηνές, οἷα δ' οὖν πάντας βροτοὺς
 φρίσσειν κλύοντας. ἄρα κλαύσεσθαι δοκῶ;
 οὐ δῆτ' ἔγωγε· κλαυμάτων μὲν ἄξια
 πέπονθ'. ἐμὴ δὲ πρόσθεν εἰς ἀνήριθμα
 κεκλασμένη ἵσται φρήν, πρὶν ἐκβαλεῖν δάκρυ.
 ἔα με· μανίας τᾶμ' ἐλαύνεται πέλας.

App. Claud. Know you the place you speak in?

Virginius. I'll speak freely.

Good men, too much trusting their innocence,
Do not betake them to that just defence
Which gods and nature gave them, but even wink
In the black tempest, and so fondly sink.

App. Claud. Let us proceed to sentence.

Virginius. Ere you speak,

One parting farewell let me borrow of you
To take of my Virginia.

App. Claud. Now, my lords,

We shall have fair confession of the truth.—
Pray, take your course.

A. ἄρ' οἶσθ' ἐν οἷοις ταῦτ' ἐπιγλωσσᾷ παρών;

B. λέγοιμ' ἄν· εὐήθεις γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ βροτῶν,
φρεσὶν δικάλαις οἳ λίαν πεποιθότες
οὐκ ἠξίωσαν τοῖς παροῦσιν ἐκ θεῶν
χρησθαι δικαίοις· εἶτα τῷ βαθυσκότῳ
χειμῶνι ληφθεὶς τις μύσας ἀπώλετο.

A. ἤδη δικαστέ, ὥς ἄλις λελεγμένων.

B. ἅπαξ ἔτ' αὖθις πρὶν δίκην κραίνειν μ' ἔα
τὸ λοίσθιον δὴ παῖδα προσφωνεῖν ἐμὴν.

A. ἀνὴρ ἔοικεν αὐτίκ' ἐκφανεῖν ἅπαν
τάληθές ἡμῖν ἐς μέσον.—πέραινε δὴ.

Virginius. Farewell, my sweet Virginia; never, never
Shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope
I had in thee. Let me forget the thought
Of thy most pretty infancy; when first
Returning from the wars, I took delight
To rock thee in my target; when my girl
Would kiss her father in his burganet
Of glittering steel hung 'bout his armed neck,
And, viewing the bright metal, smile to see
Another fair Virginia smile on thee:
When I first taught thee how to go, to speak;
And when my wounds have smarted, I have sung
With an unskilful, yet a willing voice,
To bring my girl asleep. O my Virginia,
When we begun to be, begun our woes,
Increasing still as dying life still grows.

App. Claud. This tediousness doth much offend the
court.

Silence! attend her sentence.

Virginius. Hold! without sentence I'll resign her
freely,
Since you will prove her to be none of mine.

- B. ἀλλ' ὦ τέκνον μοι χαίρε· καὶ γὰρ ἐλπίδων
 κείνων δοικ' ἄρ', αἵπερ ἦσαν ἐκ σέθεν,
 ἔξειν ὀνησιν οὐποτ'· ἀλλὰ τῶν πάρος
 γένοιτο λήθη φιλτάτων παιδευμάτων·
 ὅτ' ἐκ μάχης μὲν πρῶτον ἐς δόμους μολῶν
 σοῦ τέρψιν εἶχον ἐν σάκει δινουμένης,
 σὺ δ' αὖ κόρυν φοροῦντα χαλκῆαν ἔτι
 πατέρα φιλοῦσ' ἔχαιρες, ἀντὶ σοῦ κόρη
 γελῶσαν ἄλλην προσγελῶσ' αὐγῆς ὕπο.
 καὶ βημάτων σοι δὴ ποτ' ἦν διδάσκαλος
 φωνὴν τ' ἐπήσκουν· τραύμασιν δ' ἀλγῶν ὄμω
 ἄκομψα μὲν πρόθυμα δ' ἦδον ἂν μέλη
 θελκτήρι' ὕπνου φίλτρα μηχανώμενος.
 νῦν δ' αὖθ' ἅπερ τοι φύσιν ἐξ ἀρχῆς βαρὺς
 δαίμων ἀραῖ' ἔδωκε, ταῦτ' ἄρ' ὦ φίλη
 συνηύξεθ' ἡμῖν ἐς τέλος τὸ μόρσιμον.
- A. μακρὰν ἔτεινας μάλλον ἢ καθ' ἡδονὴν
 κρίνουσιν· ἀλλὰ σῶγα τὴν δίκην μένε.
- B. ἐπίσχε· ὡς ἐκὼν νιν ἐκδώσω δίκης
 ἄτερθεν, οὐσαν οὐκ ἐμὴν τῷ σῷ λόγῳ.

App. Claud. See, see, how evidently truth appears.

Receive her, Claudius.

Virginus. Thus I surrender her into the court

[kills her]

Of all the Gods. And see, proud Appius, see,

Although not justly, I have made her free:

And if thy lust with this act be not fed,

Bury her in thy bowels, now she's dead!

Omnes. O horrid act!

App. Claud. Lay hand upon the murderer!

Virginus. O for a ring of pikes to circle me!

What, have I stood the brunt of thousand enemies,

Here to be slain by hangmen? No, I'll fly

For safety to the camp. [Exit.

App. Claud. Some pursue the villain,

Others take up the body. Madness and rage

Are still the attendants of old doting age.

Act IV, Scene 1

- A. ἀρ' ἐκφανές τ' ἀληθές ἐκ καλυμμάτων;
 Κρέων, σὺ δ' αὐτὴν τῷδε σὺν τύχῃ δέχου.
- B. καὶ μὴν ἀφήκα τοῖς δικάζουσιν τάδε
 θεοῖσι ταύτην χειρὸς ἐξ ἐμῆς κτανών.
 ἰδοὺ δ', ὑπέρφρον λυμεών, ὅπως ἐγὼ
 τήνδ' ἐνδίκως μὲν οὐκ, ἐλευθέραν δ' ὁμῶς
 ἔβηκα· σοὶ δ' ἔρωτος εἰ μήπω κόρος,
 σὺ δ' οὖν θανοῦσαν αὐτὸς ἐν σπλάγχνοις ἔχε.

XO. ὦ δεινὸν ἔργον σχέτλιόν τ' εἰργασμένος.

- A. τὸν αὐτοφόντην πᾶσι λάζυσθαι λέγω.
- B. φεῦ,
 πῶς μοι γένοιτ' ἂν πιστὸς ὀπλιτῶν κύκλος;
 οὐ μὴν ὑποστάς πρόσθε μυρίων Ἄρη
 ἐνταῦθ' ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν δημίων φονεύσομαι,
 ἀλλ' οὐπερ ἀλκή πρὸς στρατὸν φθάσω φυγών.
- A. οὐ σπεύσεθ' οἱ μὲν καταλαβεῖν τὸν ἀνόσιον,
 οἱ δ' αἶρετ' αὐτήν· ὥς ἀεὶ γήρᾳ φιλεῖ
 μανιὰς ὁμαρτεῖν παρακοπὴ συνέμπορος.

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased ;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth ;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry ;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you !
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

Εἶτε κατ' Ἰδαίας ἄρα πίδακας, εἶτε κατ' Ἡοῦς
 τυγχάνετ', ὦ Μοῦσαι, πλαζόμεναι θαλάμους,
 τῆς πάρος ἁρμονίης ἀμνήμονας, ἥ κατ' Ὀλυμπον
 φωνεύντων τ' ἀνέμων αἰθερίαν γένεσιν,
 ἥ χθονὸς εὐαγκές τι κατ' ἔνδιον, ἥ τὰ θαλάσσης
 βένθεα κὰν ἄντρων λειριόεσσι μυχοῖς,
 ὦ Μοῦσαι, τί πεπόνθατ' ἀποστέρξασαι ἔρωτα
 καὶ χάριν ἀρχαίων τὴν πάρος ὕμνοπόλων;
 ἀντὶ γὰρ ἀφθονίης βαιὸς μόλις ἦχος ἀμαυρῶς
 νῦν φέρετ' ἐκ χορδῶν γλισχρὰ βιαζομένων.

Αἱ Χάριτες τέμενός τι λαβεῖν ὅπερ οὐχὶ πεσεῖται
ζητοῦσαι ψυχὴν εὖρον Ἀριστοφάνους.

Ἄστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς Ἀστὴρ ἐμός· εἴθε γενοίμην
οὐρανός, ὥς πολλοῖς ὀμμασιν εἰς σέ βλέπω.

ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ

Ὅρφέος οἰχομένου τάχα τις τότε λείπετο Μοῦσα·
σεῦ δέ, Πλάτων, φθιμένου παύσατο καὶ κιθάρη.
ἦν γὰρ ἔτι προτέρων μελέων ὀλίγη τις ἀπορρώξ,
ἐν σαῖς σωζομένη καὶ φρεσὶ καὶ παλάμαις.

The Graces sought a lasting shrine
Immune from time's disease ;
And seeking, found it—in the soul
Of Aristophanes.

Gazing at stars, O Star?
Star of my soul! Ah me,
That I were heaven, to gaze with all
Those myriad eyes on thee!

LEONTIUS

When Orpheus passed away, some notes
Perchance, though few,
Remained yet ; but when Plato died,
The harp ceased too.

Some little spark of ancient song,
Some fragment still
Was left us, lingering in thy soul
And in thy skill.

148 LOVE WINGED MY HOPES

Love winged my hopes and taught me how to fly
Far from base earth, but not to mount too high :
For true pleasure
Lives in measure,
Which if men forsake,
Blinded they into folly run and grief for pleasure take.

But my vain hopes, proud of their new-taught flight,
Enamoured sought to win the Sun's fair light ;
Whose rich brightness
Moved their lightness
To aspire so high
That all scorched and consumed with fire now
drowned in woe they lie.

And none but Love their woeful hap did rue,
For Love did know that their desires were true;
Though Fate frowned,
And now drowned
They in sorrow dwell,
It was the purest light of heaven for whose fair
love they fell.

Circa 1600

Ἐλπίδας ἐπτερύγωσεν Ἔρως ἐμοί, ὥς μὲν ἀτιμῶν
γαίαν, ὑπὲρ δ' αἴσαν μὴ μετέωρ' ἐλάσαι.

μέτρον γὰρ βέλτιστον· ὑπερβᾶσιν δὲ σύ γ', Ἄτη
βλαψίφρον, ἀντ' ἐσθλῶν πῆματ' ἔδωκας ἐλεῖν.

αἱ δέ, λίαν καινῇσιν ἀγαλλόμεναι πτερύγεσσιν,
αὐτόθεν Ἡελίου τλήσαν ἐρασσάμεναι

(φεῦ θράσεος) πεῖραν, θνηταὶ θεοῦ· ὦν ἄρα ποιναὺς
ἄλγεσι παμφλέκτοις κεῖνται ὑποβρύχιοι.

μοῦνος δ', ὥς ἤμαρτον, Ἔρως ῥκτειρε, συνειδὼς
ἐνδिका πασχούσαις ὀρθὰ δὲ μαιομέναις·

κεῖ γὰρ ὑπὲρ Μοῖραν δρῶσαι πέσον, ἀλλ' ἔνεκεν τοῦ
καλλίστου πάντων ἀστέρος οὐρανίων.

Ἄδιον οὐδὲν ἔρωτος, ἂ δ' ὀλβια, δεύτερα πάντα
 ἐστίν· ἀπὸ στόματος δ' ἔπτυσσα καὶ τὸ μέλι·
 τοῦτο λέγει Νοσσίς· τίνα δ' ἂ Κύπρις οὐκ ἐφίλασεν,
 οὐκ οἶδεν κήνας τάνθεα ποῖα ῥόδα.

O Love, they wrong thee much
 That say thy sweet is bitter,
 When thy rich fruit is such
 As nothing can be sweeter.
 Fair house of joy and bliss,
 Where truest pleasure is,
 I do adore thee ;
 I know thee what thou art,
 I serve thee with my heart,
 And fall before thee.

Circa 1600

Sweetest in all the world is love ;
No bliss but love is sweeter ;
Matched with it in the mouth I taste
The honeycomb :—'tis bitter.

Thus Nossis testifies ; those else
To whom Queen Cypris closes
Her divine garden, they know not
What bloom within, what roses !

Πολλά σ', Ἔρως, ἀδικοῦσιν ὅσοι σέο φασὶ πικρίζειν
καρπὸν, ἐπεὶ πάντως ἄδιον οὐδὲν ἔφν.
ὦ ἔδος εὐφροσύνης, Χαρίτων δόμος, οἶδά σ' ἔγωγε,
οἶδα, καὶ εὐσεβέων ἐκ φρενὸς αἰδέομαι.

ΦΑΡΜΑΚΕΥΤΡΙΑΙ

Πᾶ μοι ται δάφναι; φέρε Θέστυλι. πᾶ δὲ τὰ φίλτρα;
στέψον τὰν κελέβαν φοινικέφ οἶος ἰώτῳ,
ὥς τὸν ἐμὸν βαρὺν εὖντα φίλον καταδήσομαι ἄνδρα,
ὅς μοι δωδεκαταῖος ἀφ' ᾧ τάλας οὐδὲ ποθείκει,
οὐδ' ἔγνω, πότερον τεθνάκαμες ἢ ζοῖ εἰμές.
οὐδὲ θύρας ἄραξεν ἀνάρσιος. ἦρά οἱ ἀλλὰ
ἔχῃ' ἔχων δ' ἄ τ' Ἔρωσ ταχυνὰς φρένας ἄ τ' Ἀφροδίτα.

Οὕτω δὴ Γόργαιθις ὁ βουκόλος ἄρξατ' αἰίδεν.

Ἦ ῥα Μελησάνδραν γυνῶναί ποκα φατί τις ὑμμέων
τεῖδε γε ναιετάων;—ἄγε μὲν ξένοι, ἄς ἔτι καιρός,
παίσδετ' ἰὼ κῶρχεῖσθε καλὸν χορόν· οὐχ ὀράατε
νῦξ ἤδη τάχος ὥς ἐπιβόσκεται ἄκρα Φαλάκρας;

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

τὰν ἐρατάν, ὦ ξεῖν', ἐπιπεύθομαι, αἶ τιν' ἀκούεις
τεῖδε Μελησάνδραν, τὸν ἐμὸν πόθον, ἄνπερ ἔτικτεν
ἀ γράϊα Κατάναθε Κοτυτταρίς, ἃ ποκ' ἰνυγᾶ,
σκῶψ ἀπὸ πύργω, φαντί, ἐκάστης νυκτὸς αὐτεῖ.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

“ Dansez, chantez ! Des biens que l'heure envoie
Il faut user.

Elle était jeune et son œil plein de joie
Faisait penser.—

A ce vieillard qu'un enfant accompagne
Jetez un sou !...—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou !

“ Vraiment la reine eût près d'elle été laide
Quand, vers le soir,
Elle passait sur le pont de Tolède
En corset noir.

Un chapelet du temps de Charlemagne
Ornait son cou....—
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou !

“ Le roi disait, en la voyant si belle,
A son neveu :
Pour un baiser, pour un sourire d'elle,
Pour un cheveu,
‘ Infant don Ruy, je donnerais l'Espagne
Et le Pérou ! ’—
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou !

παίσδετε νῦν ἄς καιρός, ἰὼ ξένοι· οὐκ ἀπόβλητα
δῶρα θεῶν.—τήνα δὲ φίλων μνάστειραν ἐρώτων
ἄβαν ἧς ὀρόωσα, νέον θάλος.—ἀλλὰ γέροντι
πρόσδοτε τῷδ' ἄρτω τι, σαλευομένῳ ἐπὶ παιδός.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

ἡ μάν—ἴλαθ' ἄνασσα—καὶ αὐτὰν τὰν Βερενίκαν
φαμί κ' ἐλέγξαι νιν, μεθ' ὁμάγουριν εὐτ' ἐπὶ πομπᾶν
ἡ χόρον ἐξένθοι, κρόκεον σύροισα χιτῶνα,
ἀρχαῖον δέ τι χρῆμα χλιδᾶς περὶ κρατὶ φορεῦσα.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

ᾧμοσε χῶ βασιλεύς· “Ναὶ τὰν Κύπριν, αἶ με φιλήσαι
ἠθελεν, ἡ γελάσαι ποτὶ μ' ἅ κόρα, ἡ πλοκαμίδα
δοῦναί μοι φιλίας μναμήϊον, ἀντί κεν, ὦ παῖ,
Κύπρον ἐγὼ πᾶσαν καὶ τὰν Κυρίαν ποτέδωκα.”

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

“Je ne sais pas si j'aimais cette dame,
Mais je sais bien
Que, pour avoir un regard de son âme,
Moi, pauvre chien,
J'aurais gaiement passé dix ans au baigne
Sous le verrou....—
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou !

“Un jour d'été que tout était lumière,
Vie et douceur,
Elle s'en vint jouer dans la rivière
Avec sa sœur ;
Je vis le pied de sa jeune compagne
Et son genou....—
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou !

“Quand je voyais cette enfant, moi le pâtre
De ce canton,
Je croyais voir la belle Cléopâtre,
Qui, nous dit-on,
Menait César, empereur d'Allemagne,
Par le licou....—
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou !

αἴτ' ὦν ἡράσθην τᾷς παρθένω, αἶτε καὶ οὐχί,
 ἀτρεκέως οὐκ οἶδ' ὅτι μάν, ποτί μ' αἴπερ ἔμελλεν
 δερξεῖσθαι, τὸν μηδέν, ἄπαξ, ἔτος ἐς δεκατὸν κα
 δεσμοῖς, εὖ μάλα τοῦτό γ' ἴσαμ', ἄδιστα συνώκευν.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

μέμναμαι τόκ' ἰδών, φίλα ἀμέρα, ἀνίκ' ἔλαμπεν
 φῶς, ἧς δ' ἔρια πάντα, καὶ ἐς κράναν ἄμα τ' αὐτὰ
 σύν τε κάσις παίξοισα κατήλυθε· τᾷς μὲν ἐταίρας
 γυμνωθέντ' ἔσιδον λευκὸν πόδα, τᾷς δέ γε κνάμαν.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

ἦ νιν ἐγὼν τὸ πρῶτον, ὃ τὰς βόας ὥδε νομέων,
 ὥς ἴδον, ὥς ἐφάμαν αὐτὰν καὶ ἐν ὄμμασι τήναν
 τὰν Λυδὰν βασιλίσσαν ὄραν πάλιν, ἧ λόγος εἶξαι
 αὐχέν' ὑπόζευχθέντα μέγα σθένος Ἡρακλήος.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

“ Dansez, chantez, villageois, la nuit tombe.

Sabine un jour

A tout vendu, sa beauté de colombe

Et son amour,

Pour l'anneau d'or du comte de Saldagne,

Pour un bijou....—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne

Me rendra fou !

“ Sur ce vieux banc souffrez que je m'appuie,

Car je suis las.

Avec ce comte elle s'est donc enfuie !

Enfuie, hélas !

Par le chemin qui va vers la Cerdagne,

Je ne sais où....—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne

Me rendra fou !

“ Je la voyais passer de ma demeure,

Et c'était tout.

Mais à présent je m'ennuie à toute heure,

Plein de dégoût.

Rêveur oisif, l'âme dans la campagne,

La dague au clou....—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne

M'a rendu fou !”

ὀρχεῖσθ', ὦ ξεῖνοι, καὶ παῖσδετε· δὴ γὰρ ἐφέρπει
 νῦξ κατὰ γᾶν.—ἀ δ' αὖ τῶν εὐπατριδᾶν τινι φωτὶ
 πωλεῖ πάντα φέροισα, τὰ μείλιχα δῶρ' Ἀφροδίτας
 ἔδνων καὶ φιλότατ' ἡλλαγμένα, χρυσίῳ αὐτως.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

τῶδ' ἐπὶ θάκῳ βαιόν, ἐπεὶ κέκμακά, μ' ἑᾶτε
 ἔξεσθ'.—ἀ δ' ἄρ' αἶστος ἀποίχεται οἷά τις ὄρνις,
 οἷχεται, οἷμοι, θᾶσσον ἀπόπτερος, ἀνδρὶ συνοικεῖν
 τήνφ, τὰν ἐφ' Ἄλεντος, ὅποι θεὸς οἶδε, κέλευθον.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

εἰδὸν νιν παριοῖσαν ἐμὸν δόμον, ὅσσον ὀρᾶσθαι
 μούνον· ἐμὴν δ' ἅ πρᾶν βιότῳ χάρις οὐκέτ' ἐν ὅσοις
 ἐστίν, ἅσα δ' ἐπὶ παντὸς ὁμῶς.—ἂ, θύμ' ἀπόδαμε,
 πᾶ ποκ' ὄνειροπολεῖς τυ μάταν, ἅ χεῖρ δ' ἀσίδαρος;

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ μ' ἐσάλαξεν.

Ποιμένες, οἳ ταύτην ὄρεος ῥάχιν οἰοπολεῖτε
 αἰγας κευείρους ἐμβατέοντες δις,
 Κλειταγόρη πρὸς Γῆς ὀλίγην χάριν ἀλλὰ προσηνῇ
 τίνετε χθονίης εἵνεκα Περσεφόνης.
 βληχῆσαιντ' ὅδ'ες μοι, ἐπ' ἀξέστοιο δὲ ποιμῆν
 πέτρης συρίζοι πρηῆα βοσκομέναις·
 εἴαρι δὲ πρώτῃ λειμώνιον ἄνθος ἀμέρσας
 χωρίτης στεφένω τύμβον ἐμὸν στεφάνῳ·
 καὶ τις ἀπ' εὐάρνοιο καταχραίνοιτο γάλακτι
 οἶδς, ἀμολγαῖον μαστὸν ἀνασχόμενος,
 κρηπιδ' ὑγραίνων ἐπιτύμβιον. εἰσὶ θανόντων,
 εἰσὶν ἀμοιβαῖαι καὶ φθιμένοις χάριτες.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

ΘΑΛΥΣΙΑ

Ἦς χρόνος ἀνίκ' ἐγὼ τε καὶ Εὐκριτος εἰς τὸν Ἄλυντα
 εἵρπομες ἐκ πόλιος, σὺν καὶ τρίτος ἄμμιν Ἀμύντας.
 τῷ Διοῖ γὰρ ἔτευχε θαλύσια καὶ Φρασίδαμος

Shepherds, that o'er this ridgy mountain-steep
Come pasturing with your goats and fleecy sheep,
In Earth's name, for the dark Persephone,
Grant me one favour, slight, but sweet to me!
Here let the sheep bleat, and the shepherd play
Soft music from the bare rock while they stray:
And when the Spring comes, from the meadow bloom
Some peasant weave a wreath, to wreath my tomb:
And some one bring a milch-ewe lately lambed,
Hold the udder up, and let the stream undammed
Fall on the flat grave-stone. To those that earn,
Doubt not, the dead feel thanks, and make return.

THEOCRITUS

HARVEST HOME

Once in a season past we left the town,
Friend Eucritus and I, and journeyed down,
The fair Amyntas with us, to the banks
Of Haleis river. There was harvest-thanks
A-making for Demeter's charities
With Phrasidamus and Antigenes,—

H.

13

κ'Αντιγένης, δύο τέκνα Λυκωπέος, εἴ τί περ ἐσθλὸν
 χαῶν τῶν ἐπάνωθεν, ἀπὸ Κλυτίας τε καὶ αὐτῶ
 Χάλκωνος, Βούριναν δς ἐκ ποδὸς ἄνυσε κράναν
 εὖ ἐνερεισάμενος πέτρα γόνυ· ταὶ δὲ παρ' αὐτάν
 αἰγειροὶ πτελέαι τε εὖσκιον ἄλσος ὕφαινον,
 χλωροῖσιν πετάλοισι κατηρεφές κομώωσαι.

κοῦπω τὰν μεσάταν ὁδὸν ἄνυμες, οὐδὲ τὸ σᾶμα
 ἀμὴν τὸ Βρασίλα ἀνεφαίνετο, καὶ τιν' ὀδίταν
 ἐσθλὸν σὺν Μοίσαισι Κυδωνικὸν εὖρομες ἄνδρα,
 οὔνομα μὲν Λυκίδαν, ἧς δ' αἰπόλος, οὐδέ κέ τίς μιν
 ἡγνούησεν ἰδὼν, ἐπεὶ αἰπόλῳ ἔξοχ' ἐφύκει.

ἐκ μὲν γὰρ λαιοῖο δασύτριχος εἶχε τράγοιο
 κνακὸν δέρμ' ὅμοιο νέας ταμίσοιο ποτόσδον,
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ στήθεσσι γέρων ἐσφίγγετο πέπλος
 ζωστήρι πλακερῷ, ροικὰν δ' ἔχεν ἀγριελαίῳ
 δεξιτερᾷ κορύναν. καὶ μ' ἀτρέμας εἶπε σεσαρώς

Brothers, Lycopæus' children, of the best
True noble ancestry and ancientest,
From Clytia, from old Chalcon's very stock,
Who pressed his knee, and straightway from the rock
The fount Burina sprang,—whereby a grove
Rose at the side, that elms and poplars wove
With green leaves in a shady roofing pleached.

The half-way in our road was hardly reached,
The tomb of Brasilas not showing yet,
When travelling on the way a man we met,
A good Cydonian—bless the Muses' aid!
By name hight Lycidas, and by his trade
A goatherd; none had seen him and mistook,
For every inch a goatherd was his look.

On the left shoulder was a leathern coat
Made from the rough skin of a tawny goat,
And savouring of fresh rennet; on his breast,
Girt with a plaited belt, an old worn vest;
And in his right hand was a crooked staff
Made of wild olive.

With a quiet laugh,

13—2

ὄμματι μειδιόωντι, γέλωσ δέ οἱ εἵχετο χεῖλες·
 “*Σιμχίδα, πᾶ δὴ τὸ μεσαμέριον πόδας ἔλκεις,*
ἀνίκα δὴ καὶ σαῦρος ἐν αἵμασιαῖσι καθεύδει,
οὐδ’ ἐπιτυμβίδιαι κορυδαλλίδες ἡλαίνονται;
ἢ μετὰ δαῖτ’ ἄκλητος ἐπείγεται; ἢ τινος ἀστῶν
λανὸν ἔπι θρώσκεις; ὥς τοι ποσὶ νισσομένοιο
πᾶσα λίθος πταίοισα ποτ’ ἀρβυλίδεσσιν αἰεῖδει.”

τὸν δ’ ἐγὼ ἀμείφθην· “*Λυκίδα φίλε, φαντί τυ πάντες*
ἤμεν συρικτὰν μέγ’ ὑπείροχον ἐν τε νομεῦσιν
ἐν τ’ ἀμνητήρεσσι. τὸ δὴ μάλα θυμὸν ἰαίνει
ἀμέτερον· καὶ τοι κατ’ ἐμὸν νόον ἰσοφαρίζειν
ἔλπομαι. ἂ δ’ ὁδὸς ἄδε θαλυσιάς· ἢ γὰρ ἑταῖροι
ἀνέρες εὐπέπλω Δαμάτερι δαῖτα τελεῦντι
ὄλβω ἀπαρχόμενοι· μάλα γάρ σφισι πῖονι μετρω
ἂ δαίμων εὐκριθὼν ἀνεπλήρωσεν ἁλῶν.

Eye twinkling, and with mirth around his lip,
"Simichidas," said he, "pray whither trip
"Your feet at noonday so? This hour intense
"Even the lizard in the roadside fence
"Is sleeping, and abroad no longer roam
"The tombstone-crested larks, but drowse at home.
"Is it a banquet and the bidden guest?
"Or is some neighbour's vintage to be pressed?
"Such eager haste you make, the boot in springing
"Strikes against every stone and sets it ringing."

"Friend Lycidas," I answered, "all men still
"Call you the prince of pipers in your skill
"Among the shepherds and the reapers both;
"And glad it makes my heart: yet by my troth
"I think that I might make a match with thee!
"This road now is the road of harvestry:
"Our friends to-day are keeping merrymake
"And banquet for the robed Earth-Mother's sake
"With first-fruit offering of the golden store
"Piled in so bounteous measure on their floor.

ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ—ξυνὰ γὰρ ὁδός, ξυνὰ δὲ καὶ αῶς—
 βουκολιασδόμεσθα· τάχ' ὅτερος ἄλλον ὀνασεῖ.
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν Μοισᾶν καπυρὸν στόμα, κῆμὲ λέγοντι
 πάντες αἰοιδὸν ἄριστον· ἐγὼ δέ τις οὐ ταχυπειθής,
 οὐ Δᾶν· οὐ γάρ πω κατ' ἐμὸν νόον οὔτε τὸν ἐσθλὸν
 Κικελίδαν νίκημι τὸν ἐκ Κάμω οὔτε Φιλητᾶν
 αἰείδων, βάτραχος δὲ ποτ' ἀκρίδας ὥς τις ἐρίσδω.”

ὥς ἐφάμαν ἐπίταδες· ὁ δ' αἰπόλος ἀδὺ γελάσας
 “τάν τοι” ἔφα “κορύναν δωρύττομαι, οὐνεκεν ἐσσί
 πᾶν ἐπ' ἀλαθείᾳ πεπλασμένον ἐκ Διὸς ἔρνος.
 ὥς μοι καὶ τέκτων μέγ' ἀπέχθεται, ὅστις ἐρευνῇ
 ἴσον ὕρευς κορυφᾷ τελέσαι δόμον Ὀρομέδοντος,
 καὶ Μοισᾶν ὕρνηχες, ὅσοι ποτὶ Χίον αἰοιδὸν
 ἀντία κοκκύζοντες ἐτώσια μοχθίζοντι.

"What say you, friend, then? Common is the way
"And common is the morn,—come let us play
"In pastoral fashion, brother-bard with brother;
"Haply the one may benefit the other.
"For I too am the Muses' ringing voice,
"In minstrelsy most exquisite and choice,
"As all men speak of me—though I am not
"So fond and credulous; not I, God wot!
"I cannot outsing yet, in my compare,
"Sicelidas from Samos, or the rare
"Philetas; 'tis but as a frog I croak
"Against cicalas."

With intent I spoke,
For ends.—The goatherd, with his pleasant laugh,
Said, "Here then is a gift, my crooked staff;
"Because thou art a shoot of Jove's own tree,
"Moulded throughout in perfect verity.
"I hate your builder that would build a shed
"As towering as the sovran mountain's head,
"And birds of poesy that fondly strain
"Cackling against the Chian bard in vain.

ἀλλ' ἄγε βουκολικᾶς ταχέως ἀρξώμεθ' αἰοιδᾶς,
 Τιμιχίδα· κτήγῳ μὲν, ὄρη φίλος, εἴ τοι ἀρέσκει
 τοῦθ' ὅτι πρᾶν ἐν ὄρει τὸ μελύδριον ἐξεπόνασα."

ΛΥΚΙΔΟΥ ΩΔΗ

Ἔσσεται Ἀγεάνακτι καλὸς πλὺτος εἰς Μιτυλήναν,
 χῶταν ἐφ' ἐσπερίοις ἐρίφοις νότος ὑγρὰ διώκη
 κύματα, χ' Ὀρίων ὅτ' ἐπ' ὠκεανῷ πόδας ἴσχει,
 αἶκεν τὸν Λυκίδαν ὀπτῶμενον ἐξ Ἀφροδίτας
 ῥύσσηται· θερμὸς γὰρ ἔρως αὐτῷ με καταίθει.
 χάλκυνες στορεσεῦντι τὰ κύματα τάν τε θάλασσαν
 τὸν τε νότον τὸν τ' εὖρον, ὃς ἔσχατα φυκία κινεῖ·
 ἀλκύνες, γλαυκαῖς Νηρηῖσι ταῖ τὰ μάλιστα
 ὀρνέχων ἐφίληθεν, ὅσαις τέ περ ἐξ ἁλὸς ἄγρα.
 Ἀγεάνακτι πλὺτον διζημένῳ ἐς Μιτυλήναν
 ὦρια πάντα γένοιτο, καὶ εὖπλοος ὄρμον ἴκοιτο.

"But come, Simichidas, let us now sing
"The rustic song: I have a trifling thing—
"See if it please you, friend, this little lay
"I wrought out on the uplands yesterday."

LYCIDAS' SONG

Ageanax to Mitylene's clime
Fair sail shall have,—ay surely, though what time
The Kids are westering and the southwind's blast
Driving in chase the wet seas flying fast,
What season just above far Ocean's wave
Orion hangs his feet—if he will save
Poor Lycidas from grilling in Love's fire!
For hot as burning flame is my desire.
The halcyons shall make the rough sea smooth,
The southwind and the eastwind they shall soothe,
That stirs the deepest weeds up—halcyons,
The green-haired Nereids' best-beloved ones
Of all whose prey within the deep is found:—
Ageanax for Mitylene bound
Have favouring wind and weather all the way
And so come safe to port!

And on that day

κήγῳ τήνῳ κατ' ἄμαρ ἀνήτινον ἢ ῥοδόεντα
 ἢ καὶ λευκοῖων στέφανον περὶ κρατὶ φυλάσσω
 τὸν Πτελεατικὸν οἶνον ἀπὸ κρατήρος ἀφυξῶ
 παρ πυρὶ κεκλιμένος, κύαμον δέ τις ἐν πυρὶ φρυξεῖ.
 χά στιβὰς ἐσσεῖται πεπυκασμένα ἔστ' ἐπὶ πᾶχυν
 κνύζα τ' ἀσφοδέλῳ τε πολυγνάμπτῳ τε σελίνῳ.
 καὶ πίομαι μαλακῶς μεμναμένος Ἀγεάνακτος,
 αὐταῖσιν κυλίκεσσι καὶ ἐς τρίγα χεῖλος ἐρείδων.

αὐλησεῦντι δέ μοι δύο ποιμένες, εἰς μὲν Ἀχαρνεύς,
 εἰς δὲ Λυκωπίτας· ὁ δὲ Τίτυρος ἐγγύθεν ἄσει,
 ὥς ποκα τᾶς Ξενέας ἡράσσατο Δάφνις ὁ βούτας,
 χῶς ὄρος ἀμφεπονεῖτο, καὶ ὥς δρύες αὐτὸν ἐθρήνευν,
 ἰμέρα αἵτε φύοντι παρ' ὄχθαισιν ποταμοῖο,
 εὖτε χιὼν ὥς τις κατετάκετο μακρὸν ὑφ' Αἴμον
 ἢ Ἀθῶ ἢ Ῥοδόπαν ἢ Καύκασον ἐσχατόωντα.

About my brows a rosy wreath I'll set—
Roses or anise or white violet—
And by the fireside wreathed will I recline
And from the wine-bowl draw the Ptelean wine.
Beans shall be roasting; and my bed shall be
Piled elbow-deep with crisped celery
And asphodel and balm: there strewn at ease
I'll drain the wine-cup to the very lees,—
Yea, to the dregs my clinging lip shall press,—
With his dear name in fondest mindfulness.

And I will have two shepherds pipe to me,—
Acharnian and Lycopite they shall be,—
And Tityrus shall sing, sweet ballads old,
How the swain Daphnis loved the maiden cold,
And how the hills were troubled, and the trees
Made mourning for him in his sore disease,
All that on Himeras' broad rivage grow,
When Daphnis pined and wasted as the snow
That melts along the slopes of Haemus vast,
Or Rhodope, or Athos, or the last
And world's-end Caucasus.

ἄσει δ' ὥς ποκ' ἔδεκτο τὸν αἰπόλον εὐρέα λάρναξ
 ζῶν ἔόντα κακαῖσιν ἀτασθαλίαισιν ἄνακτος,
 ὥς τέ νιν αἰ σιμαὶ λειμωνόθε φέρβον ἰοῖσαι
 κέδρον ἐς ἀδείαν μαλακοῖς ἄνθεσσι μέλισσαι,
 οὔνεκά οἱ γλυκὺ Μοῖσα κατὰ στόματος χέε νέκταρ.

ὦ μακαριστὲ Κομᾶτα, τύ θην τάδε τερπνὰ πεπόνθεις,
 καὶ τὸ κατεκλάσθης ἐς λάρνακα, καὶ τὸ μελισσᾶν
 κηρία φερβόμενος ἔτος ὄριον ἐξεπόνσας.
 αἶθ' ἐπ' ἐμεῦ ζωοῖς ἐναρίθμιος ὄφελος εἶμεν,
 ὥς τοι ἐγὼν ἐνόμουν ἀν' ὄρεα τὰς καλὰς αἰγας
 φωνᾶς εἰσαΐων, τὸ δ' ὑπὸ δρυσὶν ἢ ὑπὸ πεύκαις
 ἀδὺν μελισσόμενος κατεκέκλισο θεῖε Κομᾶτα.

χῶ μὲν τόσσ' εἰπὼν ἀπεπαύσατο· τὸν δὲ μέτ' αὐτὶς
 κήγῶν τοῖ' ἐφάμαν· “Λυκίδα φίλε, πολλὰ μὲν ἄλλα

And he shall sing
How by the mad spite of the tyrant king
The goatherd in the chest was penned alive ;
And how the blunt-faced bees forsook their hive
And ever to the scented cedar flew
And fed him there with essence which they drew
From meadow flowers, because the Muse had shed
Sweet nectar on his lips.

And *thine* this bread,
And these delights *thy* fortune, O most blest
Comatas ! Thou wast locked within the chest
And fed there by the bees with honeycomb
A whole year's durance in that narrow home !

Ah, would that thou wert numbered at this day
Among the living ! Would that I might stay
And keep thy pretty goats afield hard by,
Still listening to thy voice, where thou shouldst lie
Under the green oak or the tall pine tree,
Divine Comatas, making melody !

With that the goatherd ceased ; and then I turned
And said, " Friend Lycidas, I too have learned

Νύμφαι κῆμὲ δίδαξαν ἀν' ὄρεα βουκολέοντα
 ἐσθλά, τὰ πον καὶ Ζηνὸς ἐπὶ θρόνον ἄγαγε φάμα·
 ἀλλὰ τόγ' ἐκ πάντων μέγ' ὑπείροχον, ᾧ τυ γεραίρειν
 ἀρξεύμ'· ἀλλ' ὑπάκουσον, ἐπεὶ φίλος ἔπλεο Μοΐσαις."

ΚΙΜΙΧΙΔΟΥ ΩΔΗ

Κιμιχίδα μὲν Ἑρωτες ἐπέπτарον· ἡ γὰρ ὁ δειλὸς
 τόσσον ἐρᾷ Μυρτοῦς, ὅσον εἶαρος αἶγες ἐρᾶντι.
 ὁ Ἄρατος δ' ὁ τὰ πάντα φιλαίτατος ἀνέρι τήνῃ
 παιδὸς ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοις ἔχει πόθον. οἶδεν Ἀριστις,
 ἐσθλὸς ἀνὴρ, μέγ' ἄριστος, ὃν οὐδέ κεν αὐτὸς αἰεῖδεν
 Φοῖβος σὺν φόρμιγγι παρὰ τριπόδεσσι μεγάροι,
 ὥς ἐκ παιδὸς Ἄρατος ὑπ' ὀστέον αἶθετ' ἔρωτι.

τόν μοι Πάν, Ὀμόλας ἐρατὸν πέδον ὅστε λέλογχας,
 ἄκκλητον κείνοιο φίλας ἐς χεῖρας ἐρείσαις,
 εἴτ' ἔστ' ἄρα Φιλῖνος ὁ μαλθακὸς εἴτε τις ἄλλος.

Some hill-songs from the Nymphs while shepherding,
Which may perchance have reached upon Fame's wing
Even to the very throne of Jove's own hall:
But one there is, most excellent of all,
Which now shall privilege thine ear: attend
And list then, as the Muses hold thee friend.

SIMICHIDAS' SONG

The Loves have sneezed upon Simichidas;
So deep enamoured he, poor wretch, alas,
Of Myrto as the goats are of the Spring:
While his most precious friend in everything,
His friend Aratus, hides within his breast
Love for a lad:—Aristis can attest—
A bard most excellent, who might aspire
To sing beside the tripod with his lyre,
And Phoebus give him leave!—Aristis knows
How for a lad Aratus' bosom glows.
But O I pray thee, Pan, that hast the green
Fair plain of Homola for thy demesne,
List to me, bring his loved one—be it, say,
The soft Philinus, or whoe'er it may—

κεί μὲν ταῦτ' ἔρδοις ὦ Πᾶν φίλε, μή τί τυ παῖδες
 Ἀρκαδικοὶ σκίλλαισιν ὑπὸ πλευράς τε καὶ ὤμῳ
 τανίκα μαστίσδοιεν, ὅτε κρέα τυτθὰ παρείη·

εἰ δ' ἄλλως νεύσαις, κατὰ μὲν χροᾶ πάντ' ὀνύχεσσι
 δακνόμενος κνάσαιο καὶ ἐν κνίδαισι καθεύδοις·
 εἷης δ' Ἥδωνῶν μὲν ἐν ὄρεσι χεῖματι μέσση
 Ἐβρον παρ ποταμὸν τετραμμένος ἐγγύθεν ἄρκτω,
 ἐν δὲ θέρει πυμάτοισι παρ' Αἰθιόπεσσι νομεύοις
 πέτρα ὑπο Βλεμύων, ὅθεν οὐκέτι Νεῖλος ὀρατός.

ὕμμες δ' Ὑετίδος καὶ Βυβλίδος ἀδὺν λιπόντες
 νᾶμα καὶ Οἰκεῦντα, ξανθᾶς ἔδος αἰπὺν Διώνας,
 ὦ μάλοισιν Ἑρωτες ἐρευθομένοισιν ὅμοιοι,
 βάλλετέ μοι τόξοισι τὸν ἡμερόεντα Φιλίνον,
 βάλλετ', ἐπεὶ τὸν ξεῖνον ὁ δῦσμορος οὐκ ἐλεεῖ μεν.

Bring the dear lad unsought, and lodge him soon
Within those arms.

 If thou wilt grant this boon,
Sweet Pan dear, may the boys in Arcady
Cease to make rib and shoulder ache for thee
By flogging them with squills when meat is scant!
But shouldst thou frown upon thy suppliant,—
Then may thy flesh be all so torn and red
To make thee scratch, and nettles be thy bed!
Mayst thou in deep midwinter have thy place
Among the mountains of Edonian Thrace,
By Hebrus river, near the polar star;
And in the summer range afield as far
As furthest Ethiops, and there feed thy flock
In desert, under the swart Blemyan rock,
Where Nile is no more seen!

 And ye too, come,
Leave the mount Oeceus, fair Diona's home,
Leave Hyetis and Byblis ever-flowing,
Ye rosy Loves like rosy apples glowing,
And all your bows upon Philinus bend,
Because he has no pity on my friend:

H.

14

καὶ δὴ μὰν ἀπίοιο πεπαίτερος, αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες
 “αἰαῖ” φαντὶ “Φιλῖνε, τό τοι καλὸν ἄνθος ἀπορρεῖ.”

μηκέτι τοι φρουρέωμες ἐπὶ προθύροισιν Ἄρατε,
 μηδὲ πόδας τρίβωμες· ὁ δ' ὄρθριος ἄλλον ἀλέκτωρ
 κοκκύζων νάρκαισιν ἀνιαραῖσι διδοίη,
 εἰς δ' ἀπὸ τᾶσδε φέριστε Μόλων ἄγχοιτο παλαιόστρας.
 ἄμμιν δ' ἀσυχία τε μέλοι, γραῖα τε παρείη,
 ἅτις ἐπιφθύζοισα τὰ μὴ καλὰ νόσφιν ἐρύκοι.

τόσσ' ἐφάμαν· ὃ δέ μοι τὸ λαγωβόλον, ἀδὺν γελάσσας
 ὥς πάρος, ἐκ Μοισᾶν ξεινήϊον ὥπασεν εἶμεν.
 χῶ μὲν ἀποκλίνας ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ τὰν ἐπὶ Πύξας
 εἶρφ' ὁδόν, αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τε καὶ Εὐκριτος ἐς Φρασιδάμῳ
 στραφθέντες χῶ καλὸς Ἀμύντιχος ἐν τε βαθείαις
 ἀδείας σχοίνοιο χαμευνίσιν ἐκλίνθημες
 ἐν τε νεοτμάτοισι γεγαθότες οἰναρέαισι.

Shoot! for his heart is like a stone.—Yet stay;
The pear is overripe at this late day:
Ah, poor Philinus, all the women cry,
Alas, alas, thy bloom is passing by!
No, friend Aratus! let us watch no more
And wear our feet out lingering at the door:
Let the loud cock's crow at the daybreak shrill
Ague some other's bones with numbing chill—
Nay, *Molon* be the wrestler, only he,
To have his neck wrung at this game, not we!
For us, calm peace, with some old crone at hand
To spit, and keep the bad luck from the land.

I ceased; and with the same bright merry look
The goatherd smiled, and gave his promised crook,
For keepsake in the bond of poesy.—
Then to the left-hand, Pyxa-way, turned he;
While to the farm we bent, the right-hand way,
With fair Amyntas; and arrived there, lay
On scented rushes for our pallets heaped,
And fresh delicious vine-leaves newly reaped.

πολλὰ δ' ἄμμιν ὑπερθε κατὰ κρατὸς δονέοντο
 αἰγειροὶ πτελέαι τε· τὸ δ' ἐγγύθεν ἱερὸν ὕδωρ
 Νυμφᾶν ἐξ ἄντροιο κατειβόμενον κελάρυζε.
 τοὶ δὲ ποτὶ σκιαραῖς ὀροδαμνίσιν αἰθαλίωνες
 τέττιγες λαλαγεῦντες ἔχον πόνον· ἅ δ' ὀλολυγῶν
 τηλόθεν ἐν πυκναῖσι βάτων τρύζεσκεν ἀκάνθαις.

αἶδον κόρυδοι καὶ ἀκανθίδες, ἔστενε τρυγῶν,
 πωτῶντο ξουθαὶ περὶ πίδακας ἀμφὶ μέλισσαι.
 πάντ' ὥσδεν θέρεος μάλα πίνος, ὥσδε δ' ὀπώρας.
 ὄχλαι μὲν παρ ποσσὶ, περὶ πλευραῖσι δὲ μᾶλα
 δαψιλέως ἀμὴν ἐκυλίνδετο· τοὶ δ' ἐκέχυντο
 ὄρπακες βραβίλοισι καταβρίθοντες ἔραζε·
 τετράενες δὲ πίθων ἀπελύετο κρατὸς αἰλιφαρ.

Dangling above our heads hung canopies
Of whispering elms and rustling poplar-trees ;
Near us the water of the sacred well
Dropped from the Nymphs' cave, tinkling as it fell ;
On every twig in shadow sat with glee
The sunburnt crickets, chattering busily ;
And murmuring afar off in solitude,
Bowered in the deep thorn-brake the turtle cooed.

All rich delight and luxury was there ;
Larks and bright finches singing in the air ;
The brown bees flying round about the well ;
The ring-dove moaning ; everywhere the smell
Of opulent summer and of ripening-tide :
Pears at our feet and apples at our side
Rolling in plenteousness ; in piles around,
Branches, with damsons burdening to the ground,
Strewn for our feast ; and from the full wine-tun
Wax of a seven-years-aged seal undone.

Νύμφαι Κασταλίδες Παρνάσιον αἶπος ἔχοισαι,
ἀρά γέ πα τοιόνδε Φόλω κατὰ λάϊνον ἄντρον
κρατῆρ' Ἡρακλῆι γέρων ἐστάσατο Χείρων;
ἀρά γέ πα τήνον τὸν ποιμένα τὸν ποτ' Ἀνάπφ,
τὸν κρατερὸν Πολύφαμον, ὃς ὥρεσι νῆας ἔβαλλε,
τοῖον νέκταρ ἔπεισε κατ' αὐλία ποσσὶ χορεῦσαι,
οἶον δὴ τόκα πῶμα διεκρανάσατε Νύμφαι
βωμῆ παρ Δάματρος ἀλφάδος; ἃς ἐπὶ σωρᾷ
αὐτὶς ἐγὼ πάξαιμι μέγα πτύον, ἃ δὲ γελάσσαι
δράγματα καὶ μάκωνας ἐν ἀμφοτέραισιν ἔχοισα.

Ye Nymphs of Castaly, fair Nymphs that keep
Your station on Parnassus' holy steep,
Say, was a bowl mixed ever like our own
Set by old Chiron in his cave of stone
Before great Heracles? Did ever rill
Send the uncouth shepherd o'er Anapus hill
A-dancing with a draught so nectarous
As then, divine Nymphs, ye made stream for us
There by the boon Demeter's winnowing-floor?

Upon whose builded heap may I once more
Plant the great fan, to praise her, while she stands
Smiling, with sheaves and poppies in both hands.

Κρηθίδα τὴν πολύμυθον, ἐπισταμένην καλὰ παίζειν,
 δίξηνται Χαμίων πολλάκι θυγατέρες,
 ἡδίστην συνέριθον, αἰεὶ λάλον· ἡ δ' ἀποβρίζει
 ἐνθάδε τὸν πάσαις ὕπνον ὀφειλόμενον.

✓
 She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A Maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye!
 —Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be ;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me !

WORDSWORTH

Ah where is Crethis? ofttimes say
The girls in Samos,—where is she
With all those tales from history,
With all those pretty games to play?

They miss her when they spin,—the cheer,
 The sweet voice rippling.—She lies here
 Slumbering for ever, as they all
 Must slumber when their day shall fall.

Ἄστιβον ὥς ναίουσ' ἀνὰ Πήδασον, ἥ κλέος ἀστῶν
 οὐδενός, ἢ πολλῶν οὐδ' ἔρον εὐραμένη,
 ἀλλ' ἶον ἐν ποίῃ τι λαθοῦσ', ἢ ὅποιος ἐρήμφ
 ἐμπρέπει εἰς ἀστήρ αἰθέρι μονοφανής,
 νῦν ἔλαθε ζήσασα· τί γὰρ πολλοῖσι μέλεσθαι
 μέλλεν; ἐμοὶ δ' ὅσσος φεῦ πόθος οἰχομένης.

ὦμοσε Καλλίγνωτος Ἰωνίδι μήποτ' ἐκείνης
 ἔξειν μήτε φίλον κρείσσονα μήτε φίλην.
 ὥμοσεν· ἀλλὰ λέγουσιν ἀληθέα, τοὺς ἐν ἔρωτι
 ὄρκους μὴ δύνειν οὔατ' ἐς ἀθανάτων.
 νῦν δ' ὁ μὲν ἀρσενικῷ θέρεται πυρρί, τῆς δὲ ταλαίνης
 νύμφης, ὡς Μεγαρέων, οὐ λόγος οὐδ' ἀριθμός.

A slumber did my spirit seal;
 I had no human fears:
 She seemed a thing that could not feel
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
 She neither hears nor sees;
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

WORDSWORTH

*Ionis, Callignotus swore,
Ionis, né'er
Shall man or woman come before
Thyself, I swear!*

He swore:—but true the adage runs,
Oaths made in love
Reach not the ears of Blessed Ones
In Heaven above.

He burns now with another flame;
And that poor she,
Megarian-like, is left *sans name*
And sans degree.

Ἄασάμην, οὐ θνητὸν ἔχων θράσος· ἦν γὰρ ἰδέσθαι
ἄφανστον μοίρης οἷα λαχοῦσα φύσιν.
νῦν δὲ μάτην κωφόν τι καὶ ἀδρανὲς ἄμμιγα πέτραις
καὶ στελέχοις γαίης δινομένης φέρεται.

Εἰπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεὸν μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
 ἤγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὅσσάκις ἀμφότεροι
 ἥλιον ἐν λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μέν που,
 ξεῖν' Ἀλικαρνησεύ, τετράπαλαι σποδιή.
 αἱ δέ τεαί ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες, ἦσιν ὁ πάντων
 ἀρπακτὴρ Ἀΐδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!

Ah, what the form divine!

What every virtue, every grace!

Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes

May weep, but never see,

A night of memories and sighs

I consecrate to thee.

LANDOR

The brief words, Heraclitus, fell—

Your death ; and with them drew

Tears to my eyes ; old memories thronged—

How many a time we two

Had sunk the tired-out sun beneath

Our talk !—Dear friend of old,

And you there now in Caria—dust,

A charred ash, ages cold

But thy sweet voices are not dead,

Those nightingales yet wake ;

Death with his clutch takes all away,

But those he shall not take !

Καὶ τί γενέθλης δῶρα, τί Κύπριδος ἢ Χαρίτων ἢ

Μουσῶν, εἰ σύ γε πάντ' ἔλλαχες, Εὐρυδίκη ;

Εὐρυδίκη, τοῖς δ' οὐποτ' ἐποψομένοις πάλιν ὄσσοις

σπένδω σοι τάδε φεῦ μνάματ' ἄνπνα πόθων.

Ἦρατο Πὰν Ἀχῶς τᾶς γείτονος, ἦρατο δ' Ἀχῶ
 σκιρτατᾶ Κατύρω, Κάτυρος δ' ἐπεμήνατο Λύδα.
 ὥς Ἀχῶ τὸν Πᾶνα, τόσον Κάτυρος φλέγεν Ἀχῶ,
 καὶ Λύδα Κατυρίσκον, Ἔρωσ δ' ἐσμύχεται ἀμοιβᾶ.
 ὅσσον γὰρ τήνων τις ἐμίσειε τὸν φιλέοντα,
 τόσσον ὁμῶς φιλέων ἡχθαίρετο, πάσχε δ' ἂ ποιεῖ.
 ταῦτα λέγω πᾶσιν τὰ διδάγματα τοῖς ἀνεράστοις·
 στέργετε τῶς φιλέοντας, ἵν' ἦν φιλέητε φιλήσθε.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
 Die hat einen Andern erwählt;
 Der Andre liebt eine Andre
 Und hat sich mit Dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen heirathet aus Aerger
 Den ersten besten Mann
 Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
 Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
 Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
 Und wem sie just passieret,
 Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

HEINE

Three lovers once were thus devoted :

Pan for his neighbouring Echo pined ;
On frolic Satyrus Echo doated ;
While Satyrus—Lyda filled his mind.

All three with equal ardour burned,
Affected each as each affected :
Each had another's passion spurned,
And found his own with scorn rejected.

This warning, all ye loveless, use ;
Refuse not love, lest love refuse.

Ἦρατό τις κούρης ποτ' ἀνὴρ νέος· ἡ δὲ πρὸς ἄλλον
εἶδεν· ὁ δ' αὖθ' ἐτέρην ὁ τρίτος ἡγάγετο.
ἡραμένη δ' ἐρίθυμος ἐς οἰκία τοῦπιτυχόντος
ἀνδρὸς ἔβη· δεινῶς δ' ἀντράπεθ' ὠράμενος.
ἀρχαῖος μὲν ὁ μῦθος, αἰεὶ δ' ἄρα καινῷ ἔοικεν·
ὃ δὲ τύχῃ, τοῦτον φάσκ' ἀβίωτα παθεῖν.

Ἔλκος ἔχων ὁ ξεῖνος ἐλάνθανεν· ὡς ἀνιηρὸν
 πνεῦμα διὰ στηθέων, εἶδες, ἀνηγάγετο;
 τὸ τρίτον ἡνίδ' ἔπινε, τὰ δὲ ῥόδα φυλλοβολεῦντα
 τῶνδρὸς ἀπὸ στεφάνων πάντ' ἐχέοντο χαμαί.
 ᾤπτηται μέγα δὴ τι· μὰ δαίμονας οὐκ ἀπὸ ῥυσμοῦ
 εἰκάζω, φῶρὸς δ' ἴχνια φῶρ ἔμαθον.

Wir standen an der Strasseneck'
 Wohl über eine Stunde;
 Wir sprachen voller Zärtlichkeit
 Von uns'rem Seelenbunde.

Wir sagten uns viel' hundertmal
 Dass wir einander lieben;
 Wir standen an der Strasseneck'
 Und sind da steh'n geblieben.

Die Göttin der Gelegenheit,
 Wie'n Zöfchen, flink und heiter,
 Kam sie vorbei und sah uns steh'n,
 Und lachend ging sie weiter.

HEINE



Our friend's heart hides a wound:—what suffering
through

His whole breast—marked you it? that gasp he drew!

Just at his third cup, when the roses round

His temples all fell scattering to the ground.—

O rarely roasted! I'll be sworn, I find

A thief's track; set a thief to catch his kind!

Ἀμφοῖν ἐν τριόδῳ ποτ' ἀνήνυτος ἱσταμένοισιν

ἦν λόγος ὥς ἡμῖν ἄρθμιος ἡ φιλότης.

οὐ γὰρ ἄπαξ εἶπεῖν τάδ' ἀπήρκεσεν, ἀλλ' ὁμόσαντας

μυριάκις λésχαις παρσταδὸν ἐν δολιχαῖς

δηθύνειν· ὁ δὲ καιρὸς ἔθ' ἱσταμένοις ἐπιφανθεῖς

κούφος, ἰδὼν, γελάσας ἡδύ, παρετρόχασεν.

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
 Four not exempt from pride some future day.
 Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,
 Over my open volume you will say,
 "This man loved *me*"—then rise and trip away.

LANDOR

Ἄ φίλεως χαροποῖς Ἀσκληπιάδ οἶα Γαλήνης
 δμμασι συμπεῖθει πάντας ἐρωτοπλοεῖν.

MELEAGER

Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
 With Dirce in one boat conveyed!
 Or Charon, seeing, may forget
 That he is old, and she a shade.

LANDOR

Ἔσσι μὲν οὐ σοβαρή τις· ἔπος δ' ἔτι βίβλον ἔχουσα
 τήνδε ποτὲ φθέγξῃ καὶ σύ τι που σοβαρόν.
 χεὶρὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἀδίαντον ἐρυσσάμενη σὺ παρείῃν
 "οὗτος ἐμοῦ" φήσεις "ἤρατο," κὰς ὁδὸν εἰ.

Such glittering calm of sunlit weather
 In her bright eyes hath she,
 Fair Amoret! all men's hearts together
 Launch upon Love's alluring sea.

Κτίφος ἰὼ φρουρεῖτε περισταδὸν ἄμφι Νέαιραν
 εἰς Ἀἴδην Ἀχέρονθ' οἱ συναμειβόμενοι·
 μή που τὸν πορθμῆα λάθῃ, τοίην νιν ἰδόντα,
 αὐτὸς γηράσας ἢ δ' ὄναρ οὔσα κενόν.

Quaenam haec forma?—Dei.—Cur versa est?—

Fulgura lucis

divinae non fert debilis haec acies.—

Quid vero existit tanquam uno e corpore corpus?—

Hic Amor est.—Si Amor est, cur videt?—At

Iovis est.—

Cur ita complicitis alis?—Nunquam evolat.—At cur

in se convertit tela?—Sui ille Amor est.—

Cur ferro sine tela gerit?—Quia vulneris expers

ille est: at vester vulnerat et cruciat.

CATULLUS

Dianae sumus in fide

Puellae et pueri integri:

Dianam pueri integri

Puellaeque canamus.

O Latonia maximi

Magna progenies Iovis,

Quam mater prope Deliam

Deposivit olivam.

Τίς φύσις ἦδε;—Θεοῦ.—Τί δ' ἀπόστροφος;—Οὐνεκεν
αὐγὰς

ἀθανάτους θνητῶν ἀσθενὲς ὄμμα φέρειν.—

Τοῦτο δὲ σῶμ' ἐνὸς ὡς ἐκ σώματος ἐν τί πέφυκεν;—

Οὗτος Ἔρωσ.—'Ο δ' Ἔρωσ πῶς βλέπει;—'Αλλὰ
Διός.—

Πρὸς τί δὲ τὰς πτέρυγας πτυκτὰς ἔχει;—Οὐ πέτεται
γάρ.—

Τόξα δ' ἐφ' οἱ αὐτῷ τείνει;—Ἐαυτοῦ ἐρᾷ.

Τεῦ δ' ἄρα ταῦτ' ἀσίδηρα φέρει χάριν;—Οὐχὶ τιτρώσκει
οὗτος· ὁ δ' ὑμέτερος καὶ περιωδυνήν.

HYMN TO DIANA

Boys and maidens undefiled

In Diana's faithful care,

Pure Diana, boy and maid

Undefiled, sing we!

O Latona's mighty Child,

She to Jove almighty bare,

At thy birth in Delos laid

By the Olive-tree;

Montium domina ut fores
Silvarumque virentium
Saltuumque reconditorum
Amniumque sonantum :

Tu Lucina dolentibus
Iuno dicta puerperis,
Tu potens Trivia, et notho
Dicta lumine Luna es.

Tu cursu Dea menstruo
Metiens iter annum
Rustica agricolum bonis
Tecta frugibus explēs.

Sis quocumque licet tibi
Sancta nomine Romuleique,
Antique ut solita es, bona
Sospites ope gentem.

Mountains all to be thy dower,
All the woodland coverts green,
All sequestered chaces thine,
And the sounding streams :

Women in their labouring hour
Call thee *Lightener*; thou art Queen
Trivia where the ways are trine,
Moon with borrowed beams.

Monthly as thy stages move,
Measuring all the yearly space,
With good harvest thou dost fill
Peasant's farm and floor.

In what name thou best approve
Be thou hallowed, and with grace
Romulus' true people still
Prosper as of yore !

Phaselus ille, quem videtis, hospites,
Ait fuisse navium celerrimus,
Neque ullius natantis impetum trabis
Nequisse praeter ire, sive palmulis
Opus foret volare sive linteo.
Et hoc negat minacis Adriatici
Negare litus insulasve Cycladas
Rhodumque nobilem horridamque Thraciam
Propontida trucemve Ponticum sinum,
Ubi iste post phaselus antea fuit
Comata silva : nam Cytorio in iugo
Loquente saepe sibilum edidit coma.

Friends, you note
The yacht there? She'll aver, "This boat
Has been the fastest craft afloat:
No timber swam the seas but I
Could pass it, were my task to fly
With canvas or with feathering oar:—
Ask the dread Adriatic shore,
Ask every sea-way, every coast,
No witness will deny my boast;
Rhodes amid stormy billows wild
Or the ocean Cyclades enisled,
Propontis with her boisterous ways,
Or the grim winding Pontic bays"—
Grim Pontus, where the yacht you see
Once was a leaf-clad forest-tree:—
Oft has remote Cytorus hill
With green leaves heard her whistling shrill!

Amastri Pontica et Cytore buxifer,
Tibi haec fuisse et esse cognitissima
Ait phaselus: ultima ex origine
Tuo stetisse dicit in cacumine,
Tuo imbuisse palmulas in aequore,
Et inde tot per inpotentia freta
Erum tulisse, laeva sive dextera
Vocaret aura, sive utrumque Iuppiter
Simul secundus incidisset in pedem.
Neque ulla vota litoralibus deis
Sibi esse facta, cum veniret a mari
Novissime hunc ad usque limpidum lacum.
Sed haec prius fuere: nunc recondita
Senet quiete seque dedicat tibi,
Gemelle Castor et gemelle Castoris.

Amastris and Cytorus hill,
The boxwood's region, you know well,
She says, and from the first can tell
Her story; since her date began
Her foot was on your summit; yours
The waters where she dipped her oars;
Thence with her master first she ran,
Still weathering all those raging seas,
Whether to larboard called the breeze
Or starboard, or the God-sent gale
Fell equal on the favoured sail.

And all that voyage not one vow
Made to the Shore-Gods; never one
She owed them when her course was run
From that far ocean to this last
Transparent lake.

But these are past
And ancient triumphs; she lies now
Sequestered from the worldly stage,
And cloistering dedicates her age
To thee, twin Castor, and to thee,
Twin Saviour on the stormy sea.

"Donec gratus eram tibi

Nec quisquam potior brachia candidae
Cervici iuvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beatior."

"Donec non alia magis

Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloen,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia."

"Me nunc Thressa Chloe regit,

Dulces docta modos et citharae sciens;
Pro qua non metuum mori,
Si parcent animae fata superstiti."

HE

While no more favoured youth caressed
That snowy neck, to put me second,
While I still pleased, my fortune blest
Beyond the Persian King's I reckoned.

SHE

While you had yet no fonder flame,
Nor Lydia less than *Chloe* counted,
Beyond the Roman *Ilia*'s fame
Renowned and glorious Lydia mounted.

HE

Yes, the sweet *Thracian* rules me now,
Who plays, who sings, without a rival;
I'd face my very death, I vow!
If death might win her dear survival.

"Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti."

"Quid si prisca redit Venus
Diductosque iugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloe
Reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae?"

"Quamquam sidere pulchrior
Illest, tu levior cortice et inprobo
Iracundior Hadria,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens!"

SHE

For *Calais* all-consumed am I ;

Sweet *Thurian* ! he in equal measure ;
And death twice over I would die—
If death might save the boy—with pleasure !

HE

Say Venus now returns once more

A parted pair by force remating,
Casts Chloe off, and leaves the door—
Wide, for neglected Lydia waiting ?

SHE

Though lovelier than a star is he,

And thou both lighter than a feather
And stormier than the Adrian sea,—
'Twere bliss to live—or die—together !

Πλέξω λευκόιον, πλέξω δ' ἀπαλὴν ἄμα μύρτοις
νάρκισσον, πλέξω καὶ τὸ γελῶντα κρίνα·
πλέξω καὶ κρόκον ἡδύν, ἐπιπλέξω δ' ὑάκινθον
πορφυρέην, πλέξω καὶ φιλέραστα ῥόδα·
ὥς ἂν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις μυροβοστρύχου Ἑλιοδώρας
εὐπλόκαμον χαίτην ἀνθοβολῇ στέφανος.

Ὁ στέφανος περὶ κρατὶ μαραίνεται Ἑλιοδώρας·
αὐτὴ δ' ἐκλάμπει τοῦ στεφάνου στέφανος.

White violets I'll twine,
 The young fresh daffodilly
 With myrtles I'll combine,
 I'll twine the laughing lily:

I'll have the crocus twined,
 And the hyacinth to cover,
 And all around shall wind
 The rose that loves the lover:

That Heliodora's hair
 May scent the wreath, whose flowers
 On lovely tresses fair
 Shall fade and fall in showers.

On Heliodora's brow the garland pines ;
 And she the garland of the garland shines.

Ἔγχει καὶ πάλιν εἶπέ, πάλιν, πάλιν, Ἥλιοδώρας·
εἶπέ, σὺν ἀκρήτῳ τὸ γλυκὺ μίσγ' ὄνομα.
καὶ μοι τὸν βρεχθέντα μύροις καὶ χθιζὸν ἔοντα
μναμόσυνον κείνας ἀμφιτίθει στέφανον.
δακρύνει φιλέραστον ἰδὸν ῥόδον, οὔνεκα κείναν
ἄλλοθι κοῦ κόλποις ἡμετέροις ἔσορᾷ.

Pour out, and pledge it as you pour,

To Heliodore, To Heliodore ;

Blend in the wine-cup o'er and o'er

Her sweet name, *Heliodore.*

Bring to me, wet with last night's myrrh,

The wreath I wore, the wreath I wore ;

Wreath it around my brows for her

Remembrance,—*Heliodore.*

Ah see, the rose, love's loving rose,

Is weeping sore, is weeping sore :—

My darling elsewhere far it knows,

And on my breast no more !

Αἰεὶ μοι δινεῖ μὲν ἐν οὐασιν ἦχος Ἔρωτος,
 ὄμμα δὲ σῶγα Πόθοις τὸ γλυκὺ δάκρυ φέρει·
 οὐδ' ἡ νύξ, οὐ φέγγος ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ φίλτρων
 ἤδη που κραδίᾳ γνωστὸς ἔνεστι τύπος.
 ὦ πτανοί, μὴ καὶ ποτ' ἐφίπτασθαι μὲν, Ἔρωτες,
 οἶδατ', ἀποπτῆναι δ' οὐδ' ὅσον ἰσχύετε;

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
 Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder;
 Die heben ihr klingend Gefieder
 Und flattern nach ihrem Herzen.

Sie fanden den Weg zur Trauten,
 Doch kommen sie wieder und klagen,
 Und klagen und wollen nicht sagen
 Was sie im Herzen schauten.

HEINE

Sound of Love murmureth ever in mine ears ;
And in mine eyes
Always their silent offerings, the sweet tears,
For Love's sake rise.

Night falls, and daylight comes, and respite never ;
Love-charms at last,
Moulding my heart, have made it fixed for ever
In one same cast.

O wingèd Loves, can ye fly hither then,
Without strength ever to fly hence again ?

*Αἱ μικραὶ μεγάλης λύπης ἀπέβλαστον αἰοδαί,
καὶ πτερὰ φωνήεντ' ἦλθον ἐναψάμεναι
τῆς καλῆς πρὸς στήθος· ἄφαρ δ' ἄρα μ' αὖθις ἱκανον
κλαίουσai, τὰ δὲ κρύπτ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσι φράσαι.*

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlornes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traum,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raum,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst;
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.

HEINE

Odi et amo. quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
nescio; sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

CATULLUS

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,
Und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie,
Und ich hab' es doch getragen,—
Aber fragt mich nur nicht: wie?

HEINE

Τλήσομαι· οὐδ' εἰ πάντα πάθοιμ', οὐ μή ποτε θυμῷ
εἴξω, μεμφόμενος σοί, φίλη, ὥς προδότις.
τῶν λιθοκολλήτων γὰρ ἀπαστράπτεις σέλας ὄρμων
λαμπρόν, ἔσω δ' ἔγνω τὸν σκότον οἶον ἔχεις.
ἔγνω, οὐκ ἔλαθές με τεὸν κατέδουσα, φίλη, σύ
θυμόν· ἐφωράθη σὴ κακοδαιμονίη.

Ἐχθαίρω τ' ἔραμαί τε. πόθεν, φήσεις, τόδε πάσχω;
οὐκ οἶδ', ὧδε δ' ἔχων οἶδα καὶ ἀχνύμενος.

Τὸ πρῶτον μὲν ἀπεῖπον· ὅμως δ', ἄτλητα πεπονθώς,
ἔτλην· πῶς δ' ἔτλην, μηκέτι τοῦτ' ἔρεο.

I never drank of Aganippe well,
 Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit ;
 And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell ;
 Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit.
 Some do I hear of poets' fury tell,
 But, God wot, wot not what they mean by it ;
 And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
 I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
 How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease
 My thoughts I speak ; and what I speak doth flow
 In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please ?
 Guess we the cause ? What, is it this ? Fie, no.
 Or so ? Much less. How then ? Sure, thus it is,—
 My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kiss.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἴξόν ἔχεις τὸ φίλημα, τὰ δ' ὄμματα, Τιμάριον, πῦρ·
 ἣν ἐσίδης, καίεις, ἣν δὲ θίγης, δέδεκας.

Οὐκ ἐμὸν ἐνδιάειν ἐνὶ Τέμπεσιν, οὐδ' Ἀγανίππης
 πίνειν· ταῖς Μούσαις ἐχθρὰ τὰ φανυλότερα.
 νῆϊς ἔγωγ', ἀμύητος· ὅσοι δ' ὕμνοῦσι ποιητῶν
 τὴν μανίην, ἴστω Ζεὺς, τί λέγουσ' ἀπορώ.
 οὐ μάν, τὰν Ἀχέροντος ἀνάλιον ὄμοσα λίμναν,
 οὐδέ τις ἀλλοτρίων λωποδύτης ἐπέων.
 πῶς οὖν ῥήμαθ' ἐτοῖμα πάρεστί μοι, ὦδ' ἐνὶ μέτροις
 κείμεν', ἀτὰρ καὶ τοῖς ἄκρα σοφοῖς δόκιμα;
 τοῦτο πόθεν γέγονεν ζητητέον· ἢ παρὰ τοῦτο;
 λῆρος ἅπας. ἄρ' οὖν τοῦτο πάρ'; ἀλλ' αἶτοπον.
 πῶς ἄρα; νῦν ἔγνωκα· παρ' Ἀστερίης τὸ φίλημα
 κεῖνο λαβὼν οὕτω χεῖλε' ἔχω γλυκέα.

MELEAGER

Thine eyes, Timarion, are a fire,
 Thy lips a limèd lure;
 One glance, and thou hast lit desire;
 One touch—the captive sure.

Καὐτὸς Ἔρως ὁ πτηνὸς ἐν αἰθέρι δέσμος ἄλλω
ἀγρευθεὶς τοῖς σοῖς ὄμμασι, Τιμάριον.

Die Welt ist dumm, die Welt ist blind,
Wird täglich abgeschmackter!
Sie spricht von dir, mein schönes Kind,
Du hast keinen guten Charakter.

Die Welt ist dumm, die Welt ist blind,
Und dich wird sie immer verkennen;
Sie weiss nicht wie süß deine Küsse sind,
Und wie sie beseligend brennen.

HEINE

Κεῖμαι· λὰξ ἐπίβαινε κατ' αὐχένος, ἄγριε δαίμων·
οἰδά σε, ναὶ μὰ θεοῦς, καὶ βαρὺν ὄντα φέρειν·
οἶδα καὶ ἔμπυρα τόξα· βαλὼν δ' ἐπ' ἐμὴν φρένα
πυρσοῦς
οὐ φλέξεις· ἤδη πᾶσα γάρ ἐστι τέφρη.

Love, while winging through the skies,
 Passed before Timarion's eyes ;
 Hence, being tangled in that snare,
 Love himself lies prisoned there.

*Μῶροι, τυφλοὶ ἅπαντες, αἰεὶ τ' ἐπὶ μείζον ἄμουσοι·
 καλλίστη, σὲ δέ φασ' οὐ πάνυ σωφρονέειν.
 ἦ μάλα σὲ κρίνουσιν ἀπὸ σκοποῦ, εἰδότες οὐδέν
 ἐκ ψυχῆς γλυκεροῖς χεῖλεσιν οἷα φιλεῖς.*

Tread on my neck, fierce Demon ; low I bow ;
 And thy worst tyrannies, by Heaven, can bear !
 Shoot fiery arrows, brands ! My bosom now
 Is flame-proof ; there is nought but ashes there.

Νυκτερινή, δίκερως, φιλοπάννυχε φαίνει Cελήνη,
 φαίνει, δι' εὐτρήτων βαλλομένη θυρίδων·
 αὐγαζε χρυσέην Καλλίστιον· ἐς τὰ φιλεύντων
 ἔργα κατοπτεύειν οὐ φθόνος ἀθανάτη.
 ὀλβίζεις καὶ τήνδε καὶ ἡμέας, οἶδα, Cελήνη,
 καὶ γὰρ σὴν ψυχὴν ἔφλεγεν Ἐνδυμίων.

Wenn ich bei meiner Liebsten bin,
 Dann geht das Herz mir auf;
 Dann bin ich reich in meinem Sinn,
 Ich biet' die Welt zu Kauf.

Doch wenn ich wieder scheiden muss,
 Aus ihrem Schwanenarm,
 Dann schwindet all mein Überfluss,
 Und ich bin bettelarm.

HEINE

Shine out, O hornèd Moon, O festal night's befriender,
Shine through the latticed window with thy
silver light;

My golden fair illumè, gaze forth in all thy splendour,—

Immortal eyes are free to look on love's delight :—
Thy conscious heart, I know, is kind to us and tender,—
Endymion, O Selene, set thine own heart's flame
alight !

Ὅσσάκις Ἡρίννης ὑποκόλπιος, ὀλβιοδαίμων
πλούτου ἔχειν Γύγω πλείον' ἐμοὶ δοκέω.
εὖτε δ' ἀποξευχθεὶς οἶκον μόλω, ἀντίχ' ὁ πλούτος
δειλὸν ἀποπτάμενός μ' Ἴρον ἔθηκε πάλιν.

Ἀνέρα λυσσητῆρι κυνὸς βεβολημένον ἰῶ
 ὕδασι θηρείην εἰκόνα φασὶ βλέπειν·
 λυσσῶων τάχα πικρὸν Ἔρως ἐνέπηξεν ὀδόντα
 εἰς ἐμέ, καὶ μανίαις θυμὸν ἐληΐσατο·
 σὴν γὰρ ἐμοὶ καὶ πόντος ἐπήρατον εἰκόνα φαίνει,
 καὶ ποταμῶν δῖναι, καὶ δέπας οἰνοχόον.

Aus meinen Thränen spriessen
 Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
 Und meine Seufzer werden
 Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
 Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
 Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
 Das Lied der Nachtigall.

HEINE

By a dog's rabid fury when poisoned, they tell us,
Dog's form in all waters the victim will see:
At the moment when Love set his tooth in my bosom,
Love surely was mad, working madness in me,—
For the ocean, the river, the wine in the goblet,
Show only one sweet darling image of thee!

Πολλά μοι ἐκ δακρύων καλά τ' ἄνθεα, Δωρί, φύονται,
οἷα δ' ἀηδονίδων κῶμος ἐμαὶ στοναχαί.
ἦν δὲ φιλῆς μ', ὦ Δωρί, τά τ' ἄνθεα σοὶ τάδε κεῖται,
σοῖς τ' ἄδει προθύροις γῆρις ἀηδονίδων.

Οἰκτρότατον μήτηρ σε, Χαρίζε, δῶρον ἐς ἄδαν
ὀκτωκαιδεκέταν ἐστόλισεν χλαμύδι.
ἦ γὰρ δὴ καὶ πέτρος ἀνέστενεν, ἀνὶκ' ἀπ' οἴκων
ἄλικες οἰμωγᾶ σὸν νέκυν ἠχθοφόρευν·
πένθος δ', οὐχ ὑμέναιον, ἀνωρύοντο γονῆς,
αἰαῖ, τὰς μαστῶν ψευδομένης χάριτας,
καὶ κενεὰς ὠδῖνας. ἰὼ κακοπάρθε, Μοῖρα,
στεῖρα γονᾶς στοργὰν ἔπτυσας εἰς ἀνέμους.

Most piteous was the gift, most worthy tears,
Thy mother gave,
Just in young manhood's garb, thine eighteen years
Drest for the grave.

The very stones cried out along that road
From thy home's door
Where sorrowing deep the lifeless body's load
Thy fellows bore ;

Thy parents with loud moan, that should have been
Thy wedding strain,
Wailing the child's thank-offering never seen,
The hopes all vain,

The fruitless travail !—Ah, thou loveless hard
Stern Fate above,
Thou barren Virgin, trash in thy regard
Was parents' love !

ΑΝΩΝΥΜΟΥ

Οὐ τὸ θανεῖν ἀλγεινόν, ἐπεὶ τό γε πᾶσι πέπρωται·
 ἀλλὰ πρὶν ἡλικίης καὶ γονέων πρότερον.
 οὐ γάμον, οὐχ ὑμέναιον ἰδών, οὐ νύμφια λέκτρα,
 κεῖμαι ἔρως πολλῶν, ἐσσόμενος πλεόνων.

Here a pretty baby lies,
 Sung to sleep with lullabies :
 Pray be silent and not stir
 The easy earth that covers her.

HERRICK

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ

Παιῖδά με πενταέτηρον ἀκηδέα θυμὸν ἔχοντα
 νηλειῆς Ἀΐδης ἤρπασε Καλλίμαχον.
 ἀλλὰ με μὴ κλαίεις· καὶ γὰρ βιώτοιο μετέσχον
 παύρου, καὶ παύρων τῶν βιώτοιο κακῶν.

It is not Death that is so keen,
Death is our common lot foreseen ;
But to die thus ere man's estate,
Earlier than our parents' date !
Bridal music, bridal bed,
All denied, I lie unwed ;
Loved by many a heart before,
Henceforth to be loved by more.

*Μήτηρ βαυκαλόωσά μ' ἐκοίμισεν· ἀτρέμα βαίνει
μὴ 'γείρης κούφην γῆν μ' ἐπιεσσάμενον.*

While a tender child of five,
And so glad to be alive,
Hence away Death roughly bore me :—
Yet, I pray thee, weep not for me :
Few my days on earth, and few
My days of earthly sorrow too.

LUCIAN

17—2

Οἶδ' ὅτι θνατὸς ἐγὼ καὶ ἐφάμερος· ἀλλ' ὅταν ἄστρον
 μαστεύω πυκινὰς ἀμφιδρόμους ἑλικας,
 οὐκέτ' ἐπιψαύω γαίης ποσίν, ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτῷ
 Ζανὶ θεοτρεφέος πίμπλαμαι ἀμβροσίης.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Κηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος καὶ παίγνιον· ἡ μάθε παίζειν
 τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθείς, ἡ φέρε τὰς ὁδύνας.

My soul, sit thōū a patient looker-on;
 Judge not the play before the play is done:
 Her plot hath many changes; every day
 Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

FRANCIS QUARLES

I am but human and must die :
 Yet when aloft I gaze
 And trace the tangled stars on high
 Through all their curving maze,
 No more then on the earth I tread,
 But far far hence recline
 With Zeus in heaven, and share the bread
 Of deathless Gods divine.

PALLADAS

All Life is but a Stage, a Play :
 Take then your part,
 And put all seriousness away,
 Or bear the smart.

ΤΕΛΟΣ ΟΡΑ

Ψυχή, στέργε τὸ δράμα καθημένη οἷα θεάτης,
 κρίνε δὲ μὴ προπετῶς ἀλλ' ἐπιδούσα τέλος.
 ἔστι τι γὰρ ποίκιλμα πολύπλοκον· ἡμᾶρ ἕκαστον
 καινίζει· τὸ δὲ πᾶν δράμα κρανεῖ τὸ πέρας.

NOTES

Page 3. ALCMAN 650 B.C. He is no longer able to keep up with his choir of Spartan maidens in their dance. Antigonus of Carystus who quotes this fragment (*Hist. Mirabil.* 23) says that the 'ceryl' (κηρύλος) is the male halcyon, and that when he grows too old to fly the females take him on their wings and carry him.

v. 12. *Green leaves* was taken from Bergk's conjecture φύλλα θ', ἐρπετά θ' ὅσσα and I did not care to alter it: but the true reading I have no doubt is Schoemann's φύλά θ' ἐρπετὰ τόσσα. The MS. gives φύλά τε ἐρπετά θ' ὅσσα.

Page 5. SAPPHO 600 B.C. All the previous English translations of her fragments have been collected by H. T. Wharton in *Sappho* (Stott, 1887).

This poem is quoted by Longinus περὶ ὑψους 10.

v. 7. ὥς σε γὰρ ἴδω βρόχε', ὥς με φώνας οὐδὲν ἔτ' εἴκει.

The cadence is the same, and has the same effect, as in v. 22 of the next poem, αἱ δὲ δῶρα μὴ δέκετ', ἀλλὰ δώσει. The MS. has βρόχεώσμε (corrected, seemingly, from βροχέωσμε), and βρόχε', ὥς με the reading of Hermann and Blass, gives us a formula used by poets from Homer, Ξ 294, Υ 424, to Oppian, *Hal.* iv. 96 οἱ δ' ἄρ' ὁμαρτῇ ὡς ἴδον, ὡς ἐκέχυντο

παραφθαδόν. I would restore it in Callimachus *Hecale* (published from the Rainer papyri by Prof. Gomperz) Column I. v. 2 :

ὥς ἴδον οἱ ἴδ' ἅμα πάντες ὑπ[έτρ]εσαν ἢ δ' [ἐλίας]θεν.

Read ὥς ἴδον, ὥς ἅμα πάντες ὑπέτρεσαν, as in Matro's Epic parody (Athenaeus 136 d) κωλῆν δ' ὥς ἴδον, ὥς ἔτρεμον. But it was used especially in describing love at first sight : Hom. *Ξ* 294 ὥς ἴδεν, ὥς μιν Ἔρος πυκινὰς φρένας ἀμφεκάλυπεν, Theocr. ii. 81 χὼς ἴδον, ὥς ἐμάνην, ὥς μιν περὶ θυμὸς ἰάφθη, iii. 42 ὥς ἴδεν, ὥς ἐμάνη, ὥς εἰς βαθὺν ἄλατ' ἔρωτα : and it is surprising that no editor of the Lyric Poets or of Longinus since should have thought it worth considering in Sappho.

v. 15. *Greener than the grass.* The hue of pallor, white in Northerners and ashy in the negro, is in olive complexions yellowish or greenish ; and accordingly comparisons which Greek and Latin used were *pale as grass* (Longus i. 17), or *gold* (Catullus lxiv. 100), or *saffron* (Aesch. *Agam.* 1110 and others), or *box-wood* (Theocritus ii. 88 on p. 169, Nicander Ἀλεξίφάρμακα 570, 579 ; the pale Chaerephon was called πύξινος Eupolis fr. 239, θάψινος Aristoph. *Vesp.* 1413 : *pallidior buxo* Ovid *Metam.* iv. 134 and others).

The Sapphic stanza is merely a development of the figures called 'Glyconic.' The most usual form of the Glyconic is

ἴδρως κακχέεται τρόμος :

another (with the dactyl at the end) is

ἀ δέ μ' ἴδρως κακχέεται.

By the addition of υ — — the first becomes the ordinary

hendecasyllable, and the second becomes the 'Sapphic hendecasyllable,'—which thus includes both forms of the Glyconic *overlapping* one another:

Glyconic

ἀ δέ μ' ἵδρωσ κακχέεται ἵ τρώμος δέ

Glyconic

The Glyconic has two forms of close :

(a) with the dactyl in the first foot

μή μ' ὀνίασι δάμνα,

(b) with the dactyl in the second foot

δάμνα πότνια θῦμον.

So that either of these would be Glyconic :

(1) μή μ' ἄσαισι μήτ' ὀνίασι

μή μ' ὀνίασι δάμνα.

Or (2) μή μ' ἄσαισι μήτ' ὀνίασι

δάμνα πότνια θῦμον.

In the conclusion of the Sapphic stanza we get both these forms of close overlapping, or *telescoped*, as it were, into the preceding line :

Glyconic opening

Glyconic close (b)

μή μ' ἄσαισι μήτ' ὀνίασι δάμνα πότνια θῦμον.

Glyconic close (a)

Page 6. Quoted by Dionysius of Halicarnassus *de compositione verborum* 23 as an example of that style of composition which is *γλαφυρά καὶ ἀνθηρά*, smooth and full of colour. It is a style which does not seek to make every word stand out conspicuous and prominent, nor yet is it content to have them flat and stationary, with long rests

between them, but keeps moving with the continuous and unresting current of a flowing stream. Its component elements are joined as with the texture of a woven web, or as the melting together of light and shadow in a picture. It delights in soft, luxurious and seductive language; all the words it uses must be beautiful in sound and smoothly syllabled; it shrinks from everything that is harsh and rough and overbold; and its periods of rhythm must be balanced and well marked. The passage is too long to quote in full, and translation without comment could not well convey the value of its descriptive terms of criticism, but it is worth the attention of those who would gather the effect which Sappho's language made upon a Greek ear practised in the minute study of expression. He finds the beauty of this poem and its charm to arise out of the smooth conjunction of its phrases and the alternation of the consonants and vowels: hardly a word to harshen its melodious diction; nothing to raise any wave of roughness in its soft and flowing stream of sound.

There is always in the verse of Sappho a directness and unlaboured ease of language, as if every lovely sentence came by nature from the mouth at once; as though she spoke in song, and what she sang were the expression of her very soul, the voice of languorous enjoyment and desire of beauty:

My blood was hot wan wine of love,
And my song's sound the sound thereof,
The sound of the delight of it.

v. 1. *ποικιλόθρονη*: with such a throne as that on which *Tyrannis* sits in Dion Chrysostom i. p. 69: *ὑψηλοτέρῃ καὶ*

κραιττονι τῷ θρόνῳ, μυρίας τινὰς ἄλλας ἔχοντι γλυφαῖς καὶ διαθέσεις χρυσοῦ καὶ ἐλέφαντος καὶ ἡλέκτρον καὶ ἐβένου καὶ παντοδαπῶν χρωμάτων πεποικιλμένῳ. One might say

Jewel-throned immortal Aphrodite.

v. 8. χρύσιον is generally taken with πάτρος δὲ δόμον, but the position of the word together with the rhythm of the verse persuade me that Sappho meant the golden chariot which Apuleius *Metam.* vi. 113 says that Vulcan made: *at Venus, terrenis remediis inquisitionis abnuens, caelum petit. iubet construi [instrui Ruhnken] currum, quem ei Vulcanus aurifex subtili fabrica studiose poliuerat, et ante thalami rudimentum nuptiale munus obtulerat, limae tenuantis detrimento conspicuum, et ipsius auri damno preciosum. de multis quae circa cubiculum dominae stabulant procedunt quatuor candidae columbae, et hilaris incessibus colla torquentes iugum gemmeum subeunt, susceptaque domina laetae subuolant. currum deae prosequentes gannitu constrepenti lasciuunt passeret; et caeterae quae dulce cantitant aues, melleis modulis suaue resonantes, aduentum deae praenunciant. cedunt nubes, et caelum filiae panditur, et summus aether cum gaudio suscipit deam.* χρυσῇ was her especial epithet, and in Soph. *O. C.* 692 (p. 124) she is ἡ χρυσάνιος Ἀφροδίτα.

v. 10. στρουθοί as a rule meant *sparrows*, and that may be Sappho's meaning here; but στρουθὸς ἡ μεγάλη or Διβυκή or κατάγαιος was the *ostrich*, and poetry could use the word of any fowl. Aeschylus (with an allusion to the στρουθοί of Hom. B 311 and the *Cypria*) caused it to mean *eagles*, *Agam.* 146:

τόσον περ εὐφρων δέ, καλά,
δρόσοισι λεπταῖς μαλαρῶν λεόντων,

πάντων τ' ἀγρονόμων φιλομάστοις
 θηρῶν ὀβρικάλοις,—εἴπερ τινά',
 τούτων αἶνει ξύμβολα κρᾶναι,
 δεξιὰ μὲν, κατάμομφα δέ, στρουθῶν.

But, O thou Beauteous One,—for all
 So tender is thy loving care
 For young dew dropping weak and small
 In ravenous lion's teeming lair,
 And for the suckling whelps of all
 Wild creatures of the wood or field,—
 Yet now, at our most urgent call,
 Vouchsafe to yield;
 Yield, and fulfil this feathered sign,
 The most part good, yet part malign !

The Stymphalian birds are called *στρουθοί* on a marble (Winckelmann *Monumenti Antichi* II p. 85), and in Nicander *Ἀλεξίφάρμακα* 60 and 535 the scholiast takes *στρουθὸς κατοικᾶς* to mean, not the house-sparrow, but the domestic fowl—from which chicken-broth is made. It seems therefore as if Sappho might have used the word indefinitely, so that you might think not only of sparrows but of Aphrodite's more especial doves, who chariot her in Apuleius; or perhaps of swans, who are harnessed for her by the Roman poets: Horace *Odes* iii. 28. 15, iv. 1. 10. Statius *Silvae* i. 2. 142, iii. 4. 22, Silius vii. 440.

¹ For *ὀβρικάλοις* *τερνά*, which is meaningless, I have restored sense and metre by a petitionary formula which is used for instance here by Sappho (*Classical Review*, 1901, p. 16).

Page 12. SEVERINO FERRARI, *Bordalini* vi. In *Italian Lyrists of To-day* (1893) Dr G. A. Greene has given this translation :

Of the splendid sun a ray
 Fell on my heart, and will not thence away.
 While o'er thy work half-done
 Thou guidedst with thy hand, my heart's desire,
 The needle running through the web with speed,
 A golden ray the sun
 Athwart thy tresses interwove ; and fire
 Blazed all around : my heart began to bleed :—
 'A goddess this indeed !
 She must return to heaven : she cannot stay !'

Page 17. The choriambic to an English ear sounds no more restless than the canter of a rocking-horse, but in Greek it was commonly an agitated rhythm. This metre was used after Sappho to embody the same kind of troubled feeling by Theocritus xxx. in an Aeolic imitation, by Catullus

Alfene, immemor atque unanimis false sodalibus,
 and by Horace *Odes* iv. 10.

Page 19. v. 6. ἕψος ἐξ ἕψους, i.e. ὑψος ἐξ ὑψους, 'height after height.' Those who have watched the way in which a skylark mounts will know what the phrase means. It has been most perfectly expressed in a true lyric by Mrs Katharine Tynan-Hinkson, *The Wind in the Trees* (Grant Richards, 1898) :

All day long in exquisite air
 The song clomb an invisible stair,

Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird, only a singing,
Up in the glory, climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

Page 27. IBYCUS, sixth century B.C., a passage quoted by Athenaeus 601 b. What Cicero says, *Tusc. iv. 33. 71, maxime vero omnium flagrare amore Rheginum Ibycum apparet ex scriptis*, is borne out by the fragments we possess. Remark how this idyllic opening shifts without a break and works up rapidly into a tempestuous passion. The sudden contrast and the stormy vehemence remind one of Hungarian music.

Page 29. The date of Hybrias is uncertain; it is conjectured to have been the seventh century B.C.

His metre is a combination of Dorian epitrite with Ionian logaoedic: and either of these movements, sounding in a trained Greek ear, would be at once associated with the different moral temper of each race—the Dorian stern and strenuous and martial, the Ionian soft and worldly and enjoying. The combination of them, therefore, in this order, would suggest too-serious Dorian tempered and corrected with Ionian gaiety and humour. This was just the metre to convey the tone of mock-heroic or burlesque or Gasconade.

The stanza which resembles that of Hybrias most nearly is the Alcaic, and it was equally fitted to express the devil-may-care temper of Alcaeus.

I thought the combination was well suited to the spirit of Montrose's song, and found it could be managed in the stave of Hybrias. Analysed, these metres are

Dorian epitrite

ἔστι μοι πλούτος : μέγας : δόρυ καὶ ξίφος

Ionian logaoedic

Dorian

καὶ τὸ καλὸν λαισθήιον πρόβλημα χρωτός

Dorian

τούτῃ γὰρ ἄρῳ τούτῃ θερίζω

Ionian

τούτῃ πατέω τὸν : ἄδὺν οἶνον ἀπ' ἀμπέλῳ

Ionian

τούτῃ δεσπότης μνοῖας κέκλημαι.

So far as metre goes, πατέω might be scanned either πᾶτέω or πᾶτῶ : I decided for the former, which repeats the opening movement of the two preceding lines.

The Alcaic :

Dorian epitrite dactylic

οὐ χρεὶ κακοῖσι : θῦμον ἐπιτρέπην

Ionian logaoedic

προκόψομεν γὰρ : οὐδὲν ἀσάμενοι,

epitrite

ὦ Βύκχι, φάρμακον δ' ἄριστον
dactylic

οἶνον ἐνεγκαμένοις : μεθύσθην

logaoedic.

Page 32. This piece is by the genuine Anacreon, of the sixth century B.C., and is a characteristic specimen of that accomplished metrist. It is not much to my taste, and I should not have chosen to translate it except for the sake of giving the Greek model for the version on p. 35. The two pieces certainly have much in common on the surface, but there is an ignoble element in Anacreon's from which the Ettrick Shepherd's innocent and wholesome little poem is quite free.

ἀμφὶ τέρματα, Hom. X 162.

Page 37. Polypheme's song in *Acis and Galatea* Gay derived from Ovid *Metamorphoses* xiii. 790 seqq., which is an expansion of Theocritus xi. 20.

Page 39. This perhaps is better :

Could we but see men as they are !
 Could bare the breast, unpin it,
 Hold it apart, and view the heart,
 And read what lies within it.

Page 43. I have transposed the last two stanzas because Greek would rather put the contrast in this way.

The metre is an arrangement of my own, but it is constructed strictly according to the principles which Greek composers followed and which I have explained in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* 1902 Part II p. 209. The first line is Glyconic ; the second is extended by the addition of υ — —, by means of which the latter part becomes Anacreontic. The third line is the same, only that the opening is Glyconic of the headless form, as

ὕμῃν ὕμῆναι' ἰώ,
 ὕμῃν ὕμῆναι' ὦ.

the whole being like Sappho's πλήρης ὃ μὲν ἐφαίνεται
 ἂ ὃ σελάννα or the 8th of Pindar's fourth Nemean,
 γλώσσα ὃ φρενὸς ἐξέλη ὃ βαθείας. The fourth begins
 like Ὑμῶν Ὑμέναι' ὦ, and concludes with three long notes
 in the phrase ∪ ∪ - ∪ - - -, as used in the Anacreontic
 comus song, *Cyclops* 495 :

ἐπὶ δαμνίοισι τ' ἄνθος
 χλιδανῆς ἔχων ἐταίρας
 μυρόχριστος λιπαρὸν βόσ-
 τρυχον, αἰδᾷ δέ, "θύραν τίς οἷξει μοι;"

and Sophocles *Antigone* 813 :

ἔγκληρον οὐτ' ἐπινύμ-
 φειδὸς πῶ με τις ὕμνος ὕμ-
 νησεν ἀλλ' Ἀχέροντι νυμφεύσας.

The analysis is :

Glyconic

ὅστις δ' αὖθ' ὕδαρῇ πινὼν

Glyconic

νήφουσιν ὃ φρονίμως ἴη ὃ πὶ κοίτην

Anacreontic

Glyconic

οὗτος ὃ φθινοπωριναῖσιν ὥραις

Anacreontic

Glyconic close

φύλλον κατακαρφθεὶς ὃ ἐπὶ γῇ πεσὼν κείται.

Page 48. SIMONIDES' *Danae*, quoted by Dionysius of Halicarnassus *de comp. verb.* 26, is a passage extracted from a longer poem.

The best commentary on it is in Lucian's *Dialogues of the Sea* 12: Lucian knew this poem of course; and he had felt its pathos. Doris asks how Danae behaved when cast into the ark by her relentless parent, who was unaware that the father of her child was Zeus. Thetis answers: '*For herself she was silent, and submitted to her sentence; but endeavoured to beg off her child from death, weeping, and showing it to its grandfather,—a most lovely one it was: but the babe in ignorance of all the trouble, smiled at the sea:—my eyes fill again with tears as I remember them.*' 'You make me weep too,' says Doris. And they determine to rescue them: '*No,*' says Thetis, '*they must never be allowed to perish, she and such a pretty babe.*'

The careless unconsciousness of a dreaming infant is the motive of a charming poem by Victor Hugo in *Les Feuilles d'Automne* No. XX.

Enfant, rêve encore !
Dors, ô mes amours !
Ta jeune âme ignore
Où s'en vont tes jours.
Comme une algue morte,
Tu vas, que t'importe ?
Le courant t'emporte,
Mais tu dors toujours !

Sans soin, sans étude
Tu dors en chemin...

Page 52. PINDAR, born 522 B.C. For the readings of the passage see Bergk's edition, p. 425: it went on to describe the rivers of the damned.

προάστιον, a public park outside the city, is the true Greek equivalent for παράδεισος, *paradise*, which was a Persian word: Photius (s.v. τὸ ἐνεστώς) ὁ γὰρ παράδεισος ἐπὶ τοῦ περιπάτου δένδρα καὶ ὕδατα ἔχοντας. ἔστι δὲ τοῦνομα Περσικόν, καὶ λέγεται φαρδαυθί. Lucian *Vera Historia* 23 ἐξηρέθη αὐτῷ (for Socrates) ἀριστεῖον, καλὸς τε καὶ μέγιστος παράδεισος ἐν τῷ προαστείῳ, ἔνθα καὶ συγκαλῶν τοὺς ἐταίρους διελέγετο, Νεκρακαδήμειαν τὸν τόπον προσαγορεύσας.

With the Greeks it was initiation in the Eleusinian Mysteries that gave the hope of life hereafter and admission into Paradise. The Mysteries displayed it to the eye, and also the other place, where the uninitiated were seen 'lying in the mire.' Paradise is many times described (for instance by Pindar again in the second Olympian, by Aristophanes in the *Frogs* 344, 446) and with certain constant details. It is always a flowery Meadow, radiant with Light—symbolical of spiritual light—wherein the blessed walk amid celestial harpings and with wreaths upon their heads. But it is pretty here to notice how with all this Oriental happiness the Greek is not content to be without his games.

Page 55. *The Wisdom of Solomon* is the work of a Jew who did not use the Hebrew Scriptures but the version of the Septuagint, and was imbued with Greek philosophy. His ideas are worthy of a finer Greek than the poor prose in which he endeavours to express them, and a Greek who thought and felt as he did would have written verse. Part

poet and religious mystic, part philosopher, part rhetorician, he appeared to me, in these respects and in his earnestness of temper, to have much in common with Empedocles, and I have tried to do the first of these chapters in his manner; venturing, like him, to use bold compounds, *θυμοπεδίηται* and *σκοτόδεσμος* (like *λυόδεσμος* in Aeschylus), and a personification, *Συνειδώ*, which I think Empedocles would have used as readily as the many of that kind that he invented. An account of Empedocles is given by Symonds *Greek Poets* I p. 191.

The author is moralising on the story of *Exodus* vii.—xii.

Page 58. Nothing I have ever read has seemed to me so strikingly Pindaric as this chapter, for its loftiness and vividness combined:—remark especially the noble passage on p. 62, with its magnificent image for the word of God. The Greek conceptions it recalls are Aeschylus *Theb.* 415:

τὴν Διὸς

ἔριν πίβοι σκήψασαν ἐμποδῶν,

and Homer's description of *Ἔρις* in *Δ* 442:

ἦτ' ὀλίγη μὲν πρῶτα κορύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
οὐρανῷ ἐσθήριξε κάρη, καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ βαίνει.

He does not of course write in all respects as Pindar would have done; he dwells at too great length upon the same ideas: but otherwise his treatment of an Epic narrative is very much like that employed by Pindar, and by Aeschylus in the first chorus of the *Agamemnon*.

The rhythm for a poem of this moral temper must of course be Dorian; the arrangement here is that of the third Pythian.

Page 67. BACCHYLIDES (p. 411 ed. Jebb), a fragment. *Webs of the spider brown*: this is the earliest occurrence of an idea which has had many imitations afterwards, as in Theocritus xvi. 96. Perhaps the latest and most beautiful is Tennyson's in *Maud*:

No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on 'a slothful shore,
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

The sound of the brazen trumpet is not heard: it became a commonplace in praise of Peace that you could sleep the whole night long and were not awakened by the trumpet in the morning just when sleep is sweetest: Polybius iii. p. 433 Schweighäuser δαῖν ἀναμνησθῆναι τοὺς συνέδρους διότι κοιμωμένους τὸν ὄρθρὸν ἐν μὲν τῷ πολέμῳ διεγείρουσιν οἱ σάλπιγγες, κατὰ δὲ τὴν εἰρήνην οἱ ὄρνιθες, a saying quoted by Plutarch *Nic.* 9 together with Euripides *Erechtheus* frag. κείσθω δόρυ μοι μίτον ἀμφιπλέκειν ἀράχνης: Horace *Erode* 2. 5, Tibullus i. 1. 4. This is the meaning of Aesch. *Agam.* 348 ὡς δ' εὐδαίμονες, ἀφύλακτον εὐδήσουσι πᾶσαν εὐφρόνην

and how blest!

Will sleep the live-long sweet unguarded night.

ἀῶος is the beautiful emendation of Blass for ἄμος: he compared Pindar *Pyth.* ix. 23 and the *Rhesus* 543 where the soldiers sing

θέλγει δ' ὄμματος ἔδραν
ὑπνος, ἄδιστος γὰρ ἔβα
βλεφάροις πρὸς αὐτοῖς.

Add *Anth. Pal.* vii. 726 ἐσπέριον κήψον ἀπώσατο
πολλάκις ὕπνον, and Lucian i. 68ο ἐπὶ τὸν τε ὑπὸ κώδωνι
ἐξαευστὰς ἀποσεισάμενος τοῦ ὕπνου τὸ ἡδιστον.

Page 69. The *Supplices* of Aeschylus *vv.* 58—117.
From internal evidence it is inferred to be the earliest
of his surviving plays; the greater part of it is lyric, singing
like a bird.

The daughters of Danaus fly over seas from Egypt to
escape marriage with the sons of their father's brother
Aegyptus, which these cousins seek to force upon them;
and take refuge in Argos, from which they had originally
sprung. For they trace their descent from the Argive
priestess Io, the beloved of Zeus himself. Hera, to
frustrate this amour, transformed Io into a heifer, and set
over her the all-seeing Herdsman, whose continual goading
drives her across the Bosphorus, and so, through Asia, into
Egypt (p. 79). There she gives birth to Epaphus (p. 83).
It is on these grounds that the Danaids appeal to Zeus and
to the Argives for protection.

What the Hellene chiefly prided himself upon, as dis-
tinguishing him from the barbarian, was respect for Law:
and there was no law more sacred than that which enjoined
upon him to revere the petition of a suppliant. This is the
sentiment to which the play appeals.—The Danaids now
have just arrived in Argos.

Pages 72—74. The sublimity of this grand passage
has been felt even through the imperfections of the text,
which have caused the understanding of it to be vague.
The Chorus here, as I have pointed out in my prose

translation (Bell, 1900), divides for the moment into two parties. A voice cries, *O that it were possible with very truth God's*—when a second, recognising a proverbial aspiration, interrupts with a reply that it is vain. The same dispute breaks out afresh at the conclusion of the play (1054—1072), where there is an animated altercation between the holders of the two opinions.

κάν σκότῃ 'even in darkness,' where a light should shine the brightest: Maximus Tyrius xl. 4 ὡς γὰρ ἐν νυκτὶ φῶς ἐκ πυρὸς τοῦ δι' ἡμέρας φανέντος ἀκμαιότερον, ὑπὸ πολλοῦ τοῦ περικεχυμένου σκότους ἐλεγχόμενον, ἐν δὲ ἡλίῳ τὸ αὐτὸ ἀμυδρόν καὶ ἀσθενὲς πρὸς ἀνταγωνιστὴν ἰσχυρότερον. The sense has not been understood.

Page 74. τὰν ἄπονον δ' ἁρμονίαν, *His effortless Harmony*: the article τὰν shows that ἄπονον was already its established epithet. δ' ἁρμονίαν is my emendation; the ms. gives

βροτόνσ' βίαν

δ' οὐτιν' ἐξοπλίζει τὰν ἄποινον δαυμονίων

ἡμεν ον ἀμ φρόνημά πωσ

αὐτόθεν ἐξ ἐπραξεν ἔμπασ ἐδράνων ἐφ' ἀγνῶν,

with ἀμ altered to ἄν (*i.e.* ἄνω). Aeschylus has the phrase again in *P.V.* 569:

οὔποτε τὰν Διὸς ἁρμονίαν

θνατῶν

παρεξίασι βουλαί,

'never shall the devices of mankind transgress the ordered Harmony of God.' But it did not, as the critics have supposed, originate with him. It was Pythagoras who first applied it to the ordered system of God's universe,

in which all things work together to one end; and it was adopted after him by Heraclitus. Some illustration of the present passage may be found in my prose version; but the best of all is in the treatise *περὶ κόσμου*, attributed in the ms. to Aristotle, and printed with his works. It is couched in conventional Pythagorean phraseology: pp. 397—400:

It is an ancient and traditional view with all mankind that everything takes its constitution from God and through God, and that no nature by itself is self-sufficient, when devoided of the preservation given by Him. Wherefore some of the ancients were led to declare that 'all this world is full of deities,'—all the appearances that we perceive through eyes and ears and any sense: a theory becoming to the power of deity, but not so to His essence. God is indeed the Preserver of all, and the Parent of everything which is in any way effected in this world; He does not, however, undergo the toil of a working and laborious creature, but employs an indefatigable power, by means of which He masters even what seems far removed....He has no need of contrivance or of ministry by others, as our rulers require many hands by reason of their weakness; this is just the purest attribute of the divine—the ability to produce various effects with ease and simple motion....There is one Harmony of all things singing and quiring together in the heavens, which from one beginning rises and in one close ends, and gives to the whole universe with very truth the name of Order [κόσμον], not disorder....This then is the position God holds in the world—maintaining the Harmony of all things and their preservation....To sum up; as is the pilot in a ship, the leader in a chorus, law in a city, the general in a camp, even such God is in the world: except

that their rule is fatiguing, and requires much movement and much anxious thought, while His is effortless and painless and exempt from all corporeal weakness; seated in an unmoved place, He moveth and disposeth all things where and how He will.

σωτήρ μὲν γὰρ ὄντως πάντων ἐστὶ καὶ γενέτωρ τῶν ὁπωσδήποτε κατὰ τόνδε τὸν κόσμον συντελούμενον ὁ θεός, οὐ μὴν αὐτουργοῦ καὶ ἐπιπόνου ζῆου κάματον ὑπομένων, ἀλλὰ δυνάμει χρώμενος αἰρήτως, δι' ἧς καὶ τῶν πόρρω δοκούντων εἶναι περιγίγνεται.... οὐδὲν γὰρ ἐπιτεχνήσεως αὐτῷ δεῖ καὶ ὑπηρεσίας τῆς παρ' ἐτέρων, ὥσπερ τοῖς παρ' ἡμῖν ἄρχουσι τῆς πολυχειρίας διὰ τὴν ἀσθένειαν· ἀλλὰ τοῦτο ἦν τὸ θεϊότατον, τὸ μετὰ ῥασιμότητος καὶ ἀπλῆς κινήσεως παντοδαπὰς ἀποτελεῖν ἰδέας.... μία δὲ ἐκ πάντων ἁρμονία συναδόντων καὶ χορευόντων κατὰ τὸν οὐρανὸν ἐξ ενός τε γίνεται καὶ εἰς ἓν ἀπολήγει, κόσμον ἐτύμως τὸ σύμπαν ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀκοσμίαν ὀνομάσασα.... τοῦτον οὖν ἔχει τὸν λόγον ὁ θεὸς ἐν κόσμῳ, συνέχων τὴν τῶν ὅλων ἁρμονίαν τε καὶ σωτηρίαν.... καθόλου δέ, ὅπερ ἐν νηὶ μὲν κυβερνήτης, ἐν ἄρματι δὲ ἡνίοχος, ἐν χορῷ δὲ κορυφαῖος, ἐν πόλει δὲ νόμος, ἐν στρατοπέδῳ δὲ ἡγεμὼν, τοῦτο θεὸς ἐν κόσμῳ· πλὴν καθ' ὅσον τοῖς μὲν καματηρὸν τὸ ἄρχειν πολυκίνητόν τε καὶ πολυμέριμον, τῷ δὲ ἄλυπον ἁπλόν τε καὶ πάσης κεχωρισμένον σωματικῆς ἀσθενείας· ἐν ἀκινήτῳ γὰρ ἰδρυμένος πάντα κινεῖ καὶ περιάγει ὅπου βούλεται καὶ ὅπως.

Page 75. For *Move onward* read *Accomplished*.

Page 76 fin. The construction is ἀπὸ τῆς ἐνοίκου γᾶς 'by descent from a dweller in this land': this is the ground on which their appeal is based. A copyist, naturally taking γᾶς ἀπὸ τῆς as 'from this land,' altered ἐνοίκου (which I have restored) to ἐνοικοί.

Page 79. *And corn-abounding region, Aphrodite's reign:* Syro-Phoenicia, whose great ports supplied the world with corn (Isaiah xxiii. 3 *And on great waters the seed of Shihor, the harvest of the river, was her revenue; and she was a mart of nations*; Herodas ii. 16), and where Astarte, the *Συρία θεός*, had her famous seats of Libanus and Byblus (Pausanias i. 14. 7 Frazer II p. 128, *Classical Review* 1898 p. 192).

Page 81. *Where meet the eternal foes:* Typho (the typhoon) was in Egyptian theology the embodiment of drought and pestilence and all influences harmful and malignant; whereas the Nile was a manifestation of Osiris, the beneficent power corresponding to Zeus: see Plutarch *de Iside et Osiride* p. 363D—376F, and Heliodorus *Aethiopica* ix. 9. Typho is at constant war with Nile, but never prevails against him; Nile is therefore *νόσος ἀθικτος*. Stanley in 1663 observed: *Porro hodie in Aegyptia metropoli Caira ad primum incrementi Niliaci momentum subsidit Pestilentia. Nemo tum moritur, licet pridie quingenti.*

Page 82. *βία δ' ἀπημάρτοσθενά* is my reading for the MS. *βία δ' ἀπημάντω σθένει*.

For the significance of the expression see the note on p. 285.

Page 84. *τὸ πᾶν μῆχαρ οὐριος Ζεύς:* Zeus, the God of Heaven or the Sky, was called *Ζεὺς οὐριος* as giver of *fair weather*: Aeschylus uses the title with a mystical application.

1b. ἡ' ἀρχῆς: the language throughout the stanza alludes to the functions of the two bodies of legislature

at Athens. Measures were originated in the Council (βουλή): a bill passing the Council became a προβούλευμα, which had then to be introduced and submitted for ratification to the General Assembly (ἐκφέρεισθαι or εἰσφέρεισθαι εἰς τὴν ἐκκλησίαν or τὸν δῆμον).

Page 87. *Supplices* 638. The King of Argos—a constitutional monarch, not a 'tyrant'—has advised his people to respect the petition of the suppliants; and protection has been granted by a unanimous vote '*with high-
uplifted hand.*' This is the song of thanks the Danaids sing, invoking blessings upon Argos.

Page 89, I 2. The 'heavy wrath' (βαρὺς κότος) of God is developed into the image of a foul bird sitting heavily on the polluted roof, as a μᾶστωρ: see *Agam.* 1660 in my prose translation.

Ib., II 1. *From this green covert*: the olive-branches overshadowing their lips. Suppliants—including Heralds—carried in their hands a branch of olive wreathed in white wool, and their persons then were sacrosanct. This is the origin of the proverb 'to hold out the olive-branch,' and of the white flag still in use.

Page 94. The MS. φυλάσσοι τ' ἀτιμίας τιμὰς is corrupted: the true correction may be Butler's φυλάσσοι τ' ἀτρεμαῖα τιμὰς.

Page 95, IV 2: this is an elaborate way of saying *Let them keep the three great commandments, Honour the Gods of thy Country, the Laws of thy Fathers, and thy Parents.*

Page 97. The third play in the great Trilogy of Aeschylus concludes in peace and harmony, with a Reconciliation which he designed the opening of the Prologue to foreshadow. The Avenging Goddesses have been in conflict with Apollo. These ancient chthonic deities of Earth and darkness, the embodiments of Curse for kindred murder, have pursued Orestes, seeking to take vengeance on him. But the holy oracle of Delphi, which formerly belonged to Earth, is now in the possession of Apollo, one of the new Heavenly Gods, associated with the Sun. Apollo—representing, we should say, a different human view—has granted Orestes purification and protection, and has charged him to take sanctuary at Athens. Thither come the Avengers in pursuit, and threaten blight and ruin to the land if they are cheated of their lawful prey. Athena tries to soothe them; offers them a home in Athens; and succeeds eventually in persuading them to accept it. Then they turn to blessing, and Athena says their name henceforth is to be called *Eumenides*, *Benign Ones*.

The idea in this is of the deepest thought of Aeschylus, and was the base, as I believe, of his *Prometheus* Trilogy. Prometheus, who belongs to the old Titan dynasty, rebels against the new authority of Zeus: and what he chafes against most bitterly are the ‘*new-fangled revolutionary laws*.’ But what the great Law was that Zeus established we are told expressly in the *Agamemnon*, v. 170:

Zeus, whosoe’er indeed He be—
In that name so it please him hear,
In that name let my voice revere
His matchless deity:—

Beside Him is there none but He,—

I cast, and cannot find His peer ;
 With this strange load upon my mind
 So burdening, only Zeus I find
 To lift and fling it sheer.

A boisterous One was lord of yore,
 Huge in the ring with challenge blown :

Him tell we not, so dimly known,
 His date is past and o'er :—

And who came after, is no more,—

He met his master and was thrown :
 But Zeus, with heart and voice acclaim
 Victorious His triumphal name,
 And wisdom is thine own !

Sing praise ; 'Tis *He hath guided*, say,
Men's feet in Wisdom's way,
Stablishing fast for Learning's rule
That Suffering be her school :—

The heart in time of sleep renews
 Aching remembrance of her bruise,
 And humbler wisdom enters, though the will refuse :
 'Tis force, methinks, in mercy shown,
 Divine Ones bless with on their awful throne.

That is the school in which Prometheus himself is being gradually taught the wise humility ; at present he is still in the rebellious stage. And it is with this idea that Io is introduced into the *Prometheus Bound* ; she too is an example of the seeming cruelty of Zeus ; but it is a blessing in disguise, for she is to be the mother of the blessed

Epaphus (p. 83), and it is a son of Zeus by Alcmena, a descendant of her own, that is to set Prometheus free. Therefore it is with 'force benign' that Zeus possesses her (κατάσχετον εὐμενῇ βίῃ κτίσας *Supp.* 1077).

So it is with the Avenging Goddesses. Henceforward, under Zeus, they are to be regarded as benign (*Εὐμενίδες*) and salutary; in accepting them, the citizens of Athens are accepting Fear's deterrent influence from crime: theirs is δαιμόνων χάρις βίαιος σέλμα σεμνὸν ἡμένων, for, as they preach themselves (*Ευτ.* 523), ξυμφέρει σωφρονεῖν ὑπὸ στένει. In bowing to their chastening influence, the Athenians will be σωφρονούντες ἐν χρόνῳ (p. 106) like Prometheus.

In each case the reconciliation is effected by a Mediator who is the child of Zeus—in the *Prometheus*, Heracles, in the *Eumenides*, Athena.

I have shown in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* 1906 p. 272, that the whole of the procession at the close was designed by Aeschylus to be a reflection of the great Panathenaic pageant. The Panathenaea—'All Athens'—was the National Feast, held under the presiding glory of Athena; and the great event was the Procession, scenes from which have been immortalized by Pheidias upon the friezes of the Parthenon. A most notable feature was that not only the Citizens but the Resident Aliens or Denizens, μέτοικοι, who had been granted an abode in Athens, were permitted to take part in the procession. They were not viewed with favour usually, but on this occasion all who dwelt under the protection of Athena were united in a common spirit of good will. Indeed the Denizens, for special honour, were arrayed in scarlet robes (ἐνδεδυκότες

φοινικίους χιτῶνας Photius s. v. Σκαφάς : compare Athenaeus 639 c). This solves the question of v. 1029 φοινικοβάπτοις ἐνδυτοῖς ἐσθήμασι τιμᾶτε—the Eumenides are to be treated like the Denizens at the Panathenaea—and explains why Aeschylus reiterates the words ξυνοικία, μετοικία, μέτοικοι and πολῖται, ἄστοί, ἄστικός, an antithesis which the translation has not always managed to bring out sufficiently. For further details I must refer to my paper in the *J. H. S.*

Page 100. v. 947. τρέφοι χρόνῳ τεταγμένῳ : at the time appointed, in due season, and with no untimely birth : Ovid *Fasti* iv. 647 :

*et pecus ante diem partus edebat acerbos,
agnaue nascendo saepe necabat ouem.*

Ib. The God of Trover : Hermes ; an allusion to the silver mines of Laurium. For the turn of the sentence compare Ovid *Fasti* iv. 931 where *Robigo*, Mildew, is addressed :

*at tu ne viola Cererem, semperque colonus
absenti possit soluere uota tibi.*

Page 104. v. 991. προσέρπων is my conjecture for the MS. προσώπων : *J. H. S.* 1906 p. 276 note 11.

Page 106. v. 999. ἡμένας is Bothe's reading for the MS. ἡμενοι, and in my opinion right. The seed of Tantalus may be called 'near to Zeus,' as being near of kin : Aesch. *Niobe* fr. 162 οἱ θεῶν ἀγχίσποροι, οἱ Ζηνὸς ἐγγύς : but only divinities, I think, would be described as seated near to him. πάρεδροι Ζηνός are Δίκη (Lobeck *Aglaophamus* p. 396), Θέμις, Αἰδώς, *Maiestas* (Ovid *Fasti* v. 45), and the Fates :

'Eur.' *fr.* 620 κλύει' ὧ Μοῖραι, Διὸς αἶτε παρὰ θρόνον ἀγχοτάτω θεῶν ἱζόμεναι. In Hesiod *Theogony* 383 those who are 'seated ever by the side of Zeus' are those whose father was Pallas and their mother Styx, the powers Κράτος and Βίη and Ζῆλος and Νίκη—who was afterwards identified with Athena (cf. Bacchylides x. 5, Aesch. *Theb.* 147, Soph. *Philoct.* 134 Jebb). It is Athena especially who is spoken of as sitting by the side of Zeus: Homer Ω 100, Pindar quoted by Plut. *Mor.* 617 c ἡ δὲ Ἀθηνᾶ φαίνεται τὸν πλησίον αἰεὶ τοῦ Διὸς τόπον ἔχουσα. διαρρήδην δὲ ὁ Πίνδαρος λέγει· 'πῦρ πνέοντος αἶτε κεραυνοῦ ἄγχιστα δεξιὰν κατὰ χεῖρα πατρὸς ἡμένη.' She alone is privileged to use her Father's thunder-bolt (*Eum.* 830, etc.), because she was partly in her origin the Tempest (αἰγίς) and the Lightning, born out of the forehead of the Sky. See also Orelli on Horace *Odes* i. 12. 19 *proximos illi tamen occupavit Pallas honores*, and compare the *de Mundo* in Aristotle p. 397 v. 27.

Ib. v. 1001. σωφρονοῦντες should perhaps be σωφρονούντας and begin the sentence: compare the following note.

Page 108. v. 1018. I see too late that the accepted punctuation, given here, is wrong: πάντες οἱ κατὰ πτόλιν, Παλλάδος πόλιν νέμοντες is tautology. The sentences should be divided thus:

χαίρετε χαίρετε δ' αὖθις, ἔπη διπλοῖζω,
 πάντες οἱ κατὰ πτόλιν
 δαίμονές τε καὶ βροτοί·
 Παλλάδος πόλιν νέμοντες,
 μετοικίαν δ' ἐμὴν
 εὖ σέβοντες, οὐ τι μέμψεσθε συμφορὰς βίου.

'Inhabiting the town of Pallas and holding sacred my denizenship therein, ye shall find nothing to complain of in the fortunes of your life.'

Ib. v. 1027. *For it shall issue forth*: ἐξίκοιτ' ἂν really means *it should arrive*.

Page 108. v. 1029. φοινικοβάπτοις ἐνδύτοις ἐσθήμασι τιμᾶτε: the sentence comes abruptly, and we miss the object to τιμᾶτε. It seems likely, as Hermann thought, that something has been lost which contained a reference to their new name, Εὐμενίδες.

ὅπως ἂν εὖφρων: Hesychius Σκαφηφόροι: οἱ μέτοικοι οὕτως ἐκαλοῦντο· σκάφας γὰρ ἔφερον ἐν τοῖς Παναθηναίοις, ἵνα ὡς εὖνοι ἀριθμῶνται, μετέχοντες τῶν θηκιῶν.

εὐάνδροισι συμφοραῖς 'by fortunes of fine manhood,'—an allusion to the contest of εἰανδρία at the Panathenaea: *J. H. S.* 1906 p. 274.

Page 110. init. βᾶτε ὁδὸν ᾧ μεγάλαι is my reading in place of βᾶτ' ἐν δόμῳ μεγάλαι: *J. H. S.* 1906 p. 274 note 10. In φιλότιμοι here and in φιλότιμος εὐχά *Supp.* 666 (p. 88) the original force of the word is intended to be felt, *desirous of honour*.

Ib. v. 1045. ἐς τόπον ἐνδαΐδ' οἴκων is Bothe's conjecture for ἐς τὸ πᾶν ἐνδαΐδ' οἴκων.

Page 113. The *Antigone* v. 332. Polyneices, son of Oedipus, marches against Thebes, from which his brother Eteocles had banished him: Eteocles accepts his brother's challenge to a duel, and both perish by each other's hand.

The State decides that Eteocles shall be granted burial with full honours; he had been the friend of the State; whereas Polynices had been its enemy, and shall therefore be cast out with dishonour to the birds and dogs, and no one, upon pain of death, shall bury him (Aesch. *Theb.* 998—1015, Soph. *Ant.* 194—210). Antigone resolves to disobey the State and to contrive some means of giving burial to her brother; human justice and the laws of a City are variable and unsure, those of the Gods (as the Bacchanals contend in Eur. *Bacchae* 996—1001) are eternal and immutable.

This conflict between duties is a motive running through the *Seven against Thebes*—in which Eteocles is champion of the human State—from its opening phrase, ἀνδρες πολῖται, to the end; and it is the situation sketched by Aeschylus in *vv.* 1017—1070 which is developed by Sophocles in the *Antigone* (459—469).

What occasions these reflections on the marvellous contrivances of Man is the discovery that some unknown rebel has *contrived* to cast the dust of burial on the corpse, and in so doing has committed crime against the State or 'City.' Like all Sophocles' lyrics, it is written with a brilliant fire and spirit; but it would be a mistake to regard the ideas as having been the poet's own invention. The merit lies—and this is true of Choral Lyrics generally—in the proper application of them; in the skill that makes familiar tenets an apt comment on the situation, showing how accepted morals are exemplified and pointed by the present case. The ideas themselves belong to Pythagorean philosophy: Man's weapon is his Wit or Reason; this has

given him dominion over the brute beasts and enabled him to teach himself the arts of civilization, among which the highest is the ordering of a State: but these intellectual gifts, or acquirements, may be used for good or evil. The train of thought appears most clearly in a fragment of Euryphamus the Pythagorean in Stobaeus *Flor.* 103. 27:

The nature of Man is in part reliant on his own decision, and in part dependent on assistance from the Divine. His power of shaping Speech and Reason (λόγος), and of conceiving moral Good and Evil, his being reared erect and upright from the earth and looking up to heaven, and his capability of conceiving the supremest Gods—all this he has obtained with God's assistance: but in possessing will and decision and initiative in himself enabling him either to practise virtue or to prefer vice, to seek after God or turn from God—these motions lie within his own unaided power. And it is from their choice and preference of virtue or of vice that men get praise or blame, and honour or dishonour, at the hands of God or Man. For this is the sum of the whole matter:—the Divine Power planted Man in the world as the most expensive creature, the image of His own nature and the eye of the Ordering of things existent: wherefore Man gave names to things, and became their character and stamp; and invented Letters, providing himself with treasures for the Memory; and imitated the Ordering of the Universe in conciliating by means of Laws and Justice the harmonious community of States. For in all the works of Man's achievement there is none so World-beseeming, and so God-worthy, as the tuned Conciliation of a well-governed State, and the Ordering of Laws and Polity.

In the treatment of these ideas by Sophocles some points are stressed or coloured for his purpose. For instance, where a prose-writer would have said *φρόνησις*, he chooses the phrase *ἀνεμώεν φρόνημα*, which suggests the *proud imagination of the heart*, windy in its range and in its vanity; and he plays upon the note *escape*, *φεύγειν*, *φεύξιν*, *φυγάς*, with ominous reiteration.

Then, as it should, the chorus leads up dramatically to the following scene. They have just exclaimed *The man that doeth it*, when the culprit enters under guard—*beyond all dream!* a woman.

Page 121. *Antigone* 781. Various familiar attributes of Eros are here touched in Sophoclean manner with a delicate allusive hand; Love as a Campaigner—both in metaphor and fact, Love that ranges overseas, the tyrant Love with empire over all the inhabitants of earth and sea and Heaven itself, Love as a Disease, a Madness, Love as Law-defier, and a Power Divine and irresistible: Plut. *Mor.* vii. p. 132 οἱ μὲν γὰρ νόσον τὸν ἔρωτα, οἱ δ' ἐπιθυμίαν, οἱ δὲ μανίαν, οἱ δὲ θεῖόν τι κίνημα τῆς ψυχῆς καὶ δαιμόνιον, οἱ δ' ἀντικρὺς θεὸν ἀναγορεύουσιν.

The words *πάρεδρος ἐν ἀρχαῖς* I regard as a corruption, probably through a gloss. The idea may be collected best from a phrase to which Paul the Silentiary gives a witty application in *Anth. Pal.* v 293, *θεσμὸν Ἔρως οὐκ οἶδε βεημάχος*: from Simmias in *A. P.* xv. 24 *εἶκε δέ μοι Γαῖα, θαλάσσας τε μυχός, χαλκίος Οὐρανός τε* | *τῶν δ' ἐγὼ ἐκνοσφισάμαν ὠγύγιον σκάπτρον, ἔκρινον δὲ θεοῖς θέμιτας*: and from Achilles Tatius i. 11 where Love overawes the Judge: *ἐν*

μεθορίφ κείμεαι δύο ἐναντίων. Ἔρως ἀνταγωνίζεται καὶ πατήρ· ὁ μὲν ἔστηκεν αἰδοῖ κρατῶν, ὁ δὲ κάθηται πυρπολῶν. πῶς κρίνω τὴν δίκην; ἀνάγκη μάχεται καὶ φύσις· καὶ θέλω μὲν σοὶ δικάσαι, πάτερ, ἀλλ' ἀντιδίκον ἔχω χαλεπώτερον. βασανίζει τὴν δικαστὴν, ἔστηκε μετὰ βελῶν, κρίνεται μετὰ πυρός.

Page 123. *Oedipus at Colonus*, v. 668. Expelled from Thebes, the aged Oedipus arrives at Colonus, seeking to end his days in Attica. Theseus having granted his petition, the Attic Elders sing these praises of their country.

The metre is an elaborated treatment of Glyconic: the opening figure εὐίππου ξένε τᾶσδε χώρας (which occurs in the xviii Ode of Bacchylides) had been developed by the ending of the Sapphic, e.g. τεθνάκην δ' ὀλίγω 'πιδεύης: see my note on p. 264. In the third stanza there is a shift into the animated choriambic.

Page 127. *Self-engendering*: the olive is remarkable for sprouting after it has been cut down; Virgil *Georg.* ii. 30:

*quis et caudicibus sectis, mirabile dictu,
truditur e sicco radix oleagina ligno.*

Pliny *N.H.* xvi. 43. 230. This happened when the Acropolis of Athens was burnt by the Persians, and was regarded as a miracle. As Herodotus viii. 55 relates the legend, Xerxes ordered sacrifice to be offered to Athena 'the day after'; and the Athenians, going up to offer it, found that the sacred olives had sprouted again 'a cubit's length.' This is what Sophocles alludes to, and I think there can be no doubt that 'Youth' alludes to Xerxes;

for it was notoriously in the 'insolent rash pride of youth' that Xerxes made his expedition (Aesch. *Persae* 746, 784, 13); and lest any one should miss his meaning, Sophocles enforces it by using the word *πέσας* to suggest the *Persians*. Probably in Aeschylus *Persae* 66 *πεπέρακεν μὲν ὁ περσέπτολις ἤδη στρατός* a double play would have been recognised, for the scholiast on Hesiod *Theogony* 356 explains the name *Περσηῖς* διὰ τὸ ἀπὸ τόπου εἰς τόπον περᾶν, and 377 *Πέρσην τὴν τῶν ἄστρον διαπεραίωσιν*.

The colour of olive-foliage is like that of willows,—only spiritualized: but it is shifting and elusive, varying with the light and what it shows against; on a hill-side in the distance it will sometimes look like faint blue vapour. In its origin, it seems that *γλαυκός* meant no more than *sheeny, lustrous*; and that too is true of olives; but for the blue colour of Athena's eyes see Frazer *Pausanias* II p. 128.

Page 128. δῶρον τοῦ μεγάλου δαίμονος, *the gift of her great Fortune*. The δαίμων, *Genius*, of a Man or House or Country was (as I have explained in the *Journal of Philology* xxx p. 304) a personification of the μοῖρα, *Portion, Lot, Fate, Luck or Destiny*, attached to each at birth; corresponding precisely to the *Star* assigned him by astrology. *ἄλβιοδαίμων* is *of blessed fortune*; the poets use *ἄλβιος* and *ἄλβος* in the same sense, and with the same implications, as *εὐδαίμων* and *εὐδαιμονία*; and *μέγας δαίμων* is with them a synonym of *μέγας ἄλβος*. The phrases *βαρὺς δαίμων* or *βαρυδαιμονία* or *βαρεῖα τύχη*, *heavy (grievous) Luck*, were developed by poetry into the image of a bird of prey that

swoops down heavily (see the note in my prose translation of the *Agamemnon*, v. 1660): and it is out of the ideas associated with *excessive* ὀλβος (ὀλβος ἄγαν παχυνθείς *Theb.* 756) that Aeschylus creates the fine personifying image in *Agamemnon* 1469—1485:

- ΧΟ. δαῖμον δὲ ἐμπίτνεις
 δώμασι καὶ διφνύ-
 οισι Τανταλίδαισι,...
- ΚΛ. νῦν ὤρθωσας στόματος γνώμην,
 τὸν τριπάχυντον
 δαίμονα γέννης τῆσδε κυκλήσκων
 ἐκ τοῦ γὰρ ἔρως αἱματολοιχὸς
 νειριτροφέϊται, πρὶν καταλῆξαι
 τὸ παλαιὸν ἄχος, νέος ἶχαρ.
- ΧΟ. ἦ μέγαν ἦ μέγαν οἴκοις
 δαίμονα καὶ βαρύμηνιν αἰνεῖς, φεῦ,
 φεῦ, κακὸν αἶνον ἀτη-
 ρᾶς τύχας ἀκορέστου.

Page 145. v. 4. γένεσιν: as Ὀκεανός was called θεῶν or πάντων γένεσις, so Philostratus *Vit. Apollon.* iii. 34, p. 58 says ὁ αἰθέρ, ὃν ἡγεῖσθαι χρὴ γένεσιν θεῶν εἶναι.

Page 147. LEONTIUS, in the reign of Justinian, sixth century A.D.

Page 148. Printed in *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books* by Mr Bullen, who justly says (p. xviii) 'The last line is superb.'—All the ideas in this piece, as the translation ought to show, are purely and directly Greek.

Page 150. Nossis of Locri in Magna Graecia, about 300 B.C. She was among the flowers in Meleager's *Garland*, *Anth. Pal.* iv. 1. 9:

σὺν δ' ἀναμῖξ πλέξας μυρόπνουν εὐάνθεμον ἱρίν
 Νοσσίδος, ἧς δέλτοις κηρὸν ἔτηξεν Ἔρως,

'the myrrh-scented flowering iris of Nossis, on whose tablets Love melted the wax.' Νοσσίδα θηλύγλωσσον, 'woman-tongued,' Antipater of Thessalonica calls her, *A. P.* ix. 26.

The English poem I have set beside it is given in Mr Bullen's *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books* p. xix, and there praised as it deserves.

Page 153. *Or knocked at the door*: this was among the practices of what, in literature, was a most important feature of Greek life—the *Revel*, κῶμος: see *Ar. Eccl.* 977, Herodas ii. 50, Dioscorides *Anth. Pal.* xii. 14, Propert. i. 16. 5, Horace *Odes* i. 25. 1, Claudian in *Eutrop.* i. 92, Apuleius *de Mag.* 75. So much was it a recognised part of the game, that θυροκοπεῖν became a synonym of ἐπικωμάζειν (*Bekk. Anecd.* 42. 31, 99. 17, *Ar. Vesp.* 1253, Aelian *N. A.* i. 50, Libanius iv. 1006, 1054), and the *serenade*, παρακλαυσίθυρον, was also called κρουσίθυρον or θυροκοπικόν (*Ath.* 618 c). Considering the annoyance it might cause, one is not surprised to hear of it as a punishable offence, θυροκοπῶν ὥφλεν δίκην Antiphanes in *Stob. Flor.* 116. 26.

At the end (p. 181 fin.) Simaetha returns to this again with fine effect.

Page 163. *From the glossy wrestling-ground*: so called from the oil used by the athletes, to which we have allusions

on p. 167, *And on their breasts a brighter than thine own heavenly sheen*, and in the *Dorian oil-flask* on p. 181. A fragment of Achaeus, the tragic poet (quoted by Athenaeus 414 d), picturing the young Athenian athletes, says of them:

With bare and shining arms,
And shoulders gleaming in the bloom of youth,
Abroad they take their ways, elate with young
Strong manhood; and their breasts and feet anoint
With oil most lavishly—no need for stint,
Such ample store at home:—

the last touch flattering the pride of Athens in her Olive. In Philostratus *Imagines* ii. 32 *Palaestra* carries a branch of olive in her hand, ἀσπάζεται δέ που τὸ φυτόν τοῦτο ἡ Παλαίστρα, ἐπειδὴ πάλῃ τε ἀρήγει καὶ χαίρουσιν αὐτῷ πάντες ἄνθρωποι. Hence *oily* in some form became the epithet of the palaestra, καλὸν αἰὲς λιπώοντα κατὰ δρόμον Callimachus *frag.* 141, ἐλαιόροιο παλαίστρης Manetho p. 89, λιπαρά here and 'Lucian' *Amores* 3 and 45, *uncta palaestra* Ovid *Heroid.* xix. ii., *nitida* xvi. 149, *Fasti* v. 667, Cic. *de div.* i. 13. 22: and 'the oil' came to mean 'athletic games,' Theocr. iv. 7, Catullus lxiii. 64, Horace *Odes* i. 8. 8, Cic. *de orat.* i. 18. 82.

Page 165. *A lizard bruised*: Pliny *Nat. Hist.* xxx. 15. 141.

Page 167. Ordinary Greek morality compelled women—girls especially—to remain indoors, and only permitted them to appear on public holidays, for religious or state ceremonies, or such semi-public gatherings as a wedding or

a funeral: but then, if properly attended, they were free to go abroad. Hence from Homer downwards (Π 180) it is on such occasions that the sexes meet and fall in love: and when this old Thracian 'begged and prayed' Simaetha to come out and see the pageant, her design—though the poor girl even now has no suspicion of it—was to bring about some meeting of this kind. It was the established character of the old Nurse to be a go-between in such affairs—Phaedra's nurse, for example, in the *Hippolytus*, and Gyllis in Herodas.

The homely borrowing of a holiday garment is a usual detail; for instance, Eur. *El.* 190.

Page 169. *I was the colour of box*: see the note on p. 263.

Page 175. *Then with brands flaming and axes*. The Lover on a Revel often threatens to burn down the door or hew it down with axes: Plaut. *Bacch.* 1118, Herodas ii. 35, 52, 65, Ath. 585 a, *Anth. Pal.* xii. 252, Iamblichus *Vit. Pyth.* 112. So Horace, as an old campaigner, *Odes* iii. 26, dedicates to Venus *funalia et uectis et arcus oppositis foribus minaces*.

Page 183. *As I have borne*: ὥσπερ ὑπέσταν really means 'as I have taken it upon me,' 'undertaken': Alcaeus 15. 7, ἐπειδὴ πρώτιστ' ὑπὸ Φέργον ἔσταμεν τόδε.

Page 187. A Greek girl would not, like a Spaniard, wear black, except for mourning; and she would not be abroad at all in public view except for some such ceremony

as I have thought it necessary to mention in the Greek: see the note on p. 296.

Page 193. LEONIDAS of Tarentum, about 270 B.C. His epigrams are collected in Brunck's *Analecta* 1 p. 220. There is a pretty pastoral charm about this piece.—M. Legrand in his *Étude sur Théocrite* has sought to prove that *Lycidas* in the following Idyll of Theocritus means Leonidas of Tarentum masquerading as a goatherd.

Ib. Harvest Home. If any one should wish to see what Alexandrian fashions, followed with complete fidelity, could produce in the hands of a true artist, I would choose this poem of Theocritus to be their representative. Observe the novelty of form—new subject for the metre, and new combination with the dialect—, the smallness of the scale, the finish, the vivacity, the picturesqueness, the variety, the unhackneyed freshness of the rustic themes, so quaint and homely, some of them, but all in keeping; the description at the end, the geographical mention of romantic names, the touch of courtier's compliment, and the literary criticism. How rich it is, as Goethe would have said, in *motives*; and how many tastes and interests it makes appeal to without pedantry!

Page 197. *Even the lizard in the roadside fence is sleeping*: I should have said, if possible, *is sleeping in the roadside fence*. The lizards, as those who have walked in Italy will have noticed, lie out basking at the edges of the road; but even they, says Lycidas, have now sought shelter.

Ib. *The tombstone-crested larks*: a fable 'of Aesop' told by Aristophanes in the *Birds* 471—5, explained that the Lark was created before Earth; his father died, and there was no earth to bury him in; but the Lark, not to be baffled, buried his father in his head. The same story, according to Aelian *N.H.* xvi. 5, was related by the Brahmins of the Hoopoe. Prof. D'Arcy Thompson *A Glossary of Greek Birds* p. 97 says 'The legend, which probably includes a solar myth, is very obscure.' But one might reasonably guess that it arose from some resemblance recognised between the bird's head and a tomb. Now both the Hoopoe and the Tufted Lark are distinguished by a crest in the shape of a ridged curve; and if any one inspects the funeral *στῆλαι* preserved in the Museum at Athens, he will hardly doubt, I think, the fable's origin: many of them are surmounted by an ornament precisely like the lark's and hoopoe's crest.

Babrius 72. 20 speaks of 'the lark among the tombs,' and *ἐπιτυμβιδίαι* here may merely mean 'tomb-haunting'; but I felt at liberty to take my choice.

Ib. *The bidden guest*: a variant, adopted in the Greek text, says *the unbid guest*. It was a proverb that *A friend goes revelling to a friend's unbid*, ἀκλήτῃ κωμάζουσιν ἐς φίλων φίλοι.

Page 199. *Cackling against the Chian bard in vain*. Theocritus here—or Lycidas at any rate—declares in favour of a school, and takes a side in the great literary battle of the day. It raged around the name of Antimachus (about 400 B.C.) with his huge epic, the *Thebaid*. The

'School of Philetas,' as it ought probably to be called, which was most passionately championed by Callimachus, declared that this would never do; in these days, all attempts to rival Homer were a failure and a folly. Ways in various kinds that might be followed had been shown by Hesiod: thus Callimachus in an epigram commends Aratus' astronomical poem as being Hesiodic both in theme and manner, 'Ἡσιόδου τό τ' αἶσμα καὶ ὁ τρόπος. You might write, say, Hymns or Elegies or Epigrams or Idylls—Epic, Mimic, or Bucolic scenes, like those of Herodas and Theocritus—but not long Epics. Apollonius rebelled, and wrote his *Argonautica*; for which Callimachus banned him as a heretic, and at the end of his *Hymn to Apollo* appended the following passage:

Said Momus, whispering in Apollo's ear:
*I care not for the bard whose verse's tide
 Spreads not as vast as all the Ocean wide.*
 Apollo spurned him with his foot, and said:
*Vast through Assyria's continent doth spread
 Euphrates; but he sweeps upon his flood
 Massed, a great drift of filthiness and mud.*
*'Tis not from every fount those holy Bees
 Draw water for Demeter's Mysteries;
 That which is pure and undefiled they bring,
 A little droplet from a sacred spring,
 The richest bloom and finest.—Lord, farewell;
 And where Damnation is, let Momus dwell!*

Page 207. *Even to the very throne of Jove's own hall:*
 he means the throne of Ptolemy.

Page 211. *Molon*, seemingly, was some proverbial bad character, perhaps in Coan legend.

Page 213. I know one picture which is worthy to be set beside this—the *Concert Champêtre* of Giorgione in the Louvre.

Page 215. *The uncouth shepherd*: Polyphemus. It suited the verse to say *Anapus hill*, but Anapus strictly was a river.

Page 217. CALLIMACHUS lived 260 B.C. at Alexandria, where he held some position at the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. He was the chief man of letters in his day, and his methods, through tradition or directly, have had influence on many writers since. Of his surviving work, the Hymns, with their elaborate allusions, can no longer make the same appeal to us, and he appears to most advantage in his Epigrams. The scholar in him tends to overcome the poet, and his simplicity to be the simplicity of artifice; but in all he writes there is a force and high distinction.

Meleager, who made the first Anthology of Epigrams, describes the poets who compose his Garland, each of them in terms of flowers, with exquisite delicacy and sureness; and among them Callimachus is admirably touched:

ἡδύ τε μύρτον
Καλλιμάχου, στυφελῶ μεστὸν αἰὲ μέλιτος
and the sweet myrtle of Callimachus,
filled full ever of astringent honey.

That just seizes the qualities that are so characteristic of his manner—the conciseness and packed concentration

of his phrase, and his peculiar dry and pungent flavour—a sad bitterness, drawn from the irony of the world's tragedy, the disillusionments of life.

He is apt to produce that effect by the simple statement of an antithesis, just as Wordsworth sometimes does, as in the two poems on pp. 216 and 218. Heine does it frequently, and Browning's poem too, *I wish that when you died last May*, is in that respect Callimachean. Another characteristic that Heine and Browning share with him is the use of colloquial language and prosaic words, as in the epigram on p. 224. Catullus uses it with terrible effect in *Caeli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa*, and no one has known better than Heine how to make a poignancy more telling by the jar of an ironic discord; good examples are the *übel dran* and the *passieret* on p. 222.

Callimachus is so reserved that he is liable to seem a little grim and cold: but, lest we should suppose him heartless, there is the tender poem on Crethis (p. 216) and the poem on Heraclitus (p. 220). It is by this last that he is generally known, through William Johnson's version:

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to
shed.

I wept as I remember'd how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the
sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

That version, as I well know, is familiar and dear to many, and it is with great reluctance therefore that I am going to find fault with it; I should have little wish in any case to find fault with the author of *Ionica*: but if one is to appreciate the flavour of Callimachus, I must feel that this version does not represent it. The characteristic of Callimachus is reserve, even to excess; and this poem, as I read it, is the restrained, suppressed emotion of a man in mature life. Now Johnson's version has nothing in it of restraint; on the contrary it is, if anything, effuse in sentiment: the original, in fact, is a *vin sec*, and Johnson has turned it into sweet. Callimachus, I think, has given us something rarer and stronger and more deeply felt. He hears the news just mentioned—merely *ἐπὶ τῆς*, as in Theocritus on p. 180—Heraclitus dead: but how much it means to him! what dear memories it awakes—his old friend, with whom he had spent so many happy hours together....But, he recalls himself abruptly, with a bitter exclamation, but all that is a thing of the past, ages ago! *ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πον τετράπαλαι σποδιή*, a half-slang phrase like one of Heine's.—Yes, but those sweet nightingales of thine are living still beyond the power of Death! Now all those contrasts, or revolts, are missed in Johnson's version; and *Death, he taketh all away* is not the language of deep feeling. That is my reason for attempting to recast it, though I am far from being satisfied with the result. Perhaps some other hand may use these hints to better it.

The construction in the first line is *ἐς δάκρυ δέ μ' ἤγαγεν*, a regular phrase.

Page 218. This epigram of Callimachus has been

varied by Meleager *A. P.* v. 8 and by Catullus lxx, but they are both inferior to the model.

Page 219. *Sans name and sans degree* is a proverbial quotation from an ancient oracle about the Megarians (Theocr. xiv. 49 schol.).

Page 223. There is no more Callimachean epigram than this poem of Heine's. The 'old story' he alludes to is this little piece by Moschus, which was worth translating for that reason: otherwise Moschus is a later and feebler follower of Theocritus.

Page 229. The Latin version (printed by Schneider *Callimachea* i p. 100) was first published by Pithoeus with the title *Callimachi, imagini inscriptum Iovis*. It was evidently written for a symbolic design of Love proceeding from God. Roughly rendered, it runs thus:

What form is this?—A God's.—Why turned away?—
Our weak sight cannot bear the heavenly ray.—
And this incorporate form proceeding?—This
Is Love.—What, Love with eyes?—God's Love, this is.—
Why folded wings?—Because he never roves.—
And shafts turned on himself?—Himself he loves.—
Why are the shafts unpointed?—Woundless he;
But your love wounds with painfullest agony.

Is that genuine? or is it an adaptation? or a forgery entirely?
The conceptions at first sight might seem rather to be Jewish; one is reminded in the first couplet of the passage in *Exodus* xxxiii. 20—23 where God reveals His back to

Moses, but will not show His face—' *Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live.*' Since the beginning of the Septuagint version was made, according to tradition, under the first two Ptolemies at Alexandria, it would have been accessible to Callimachus; indeed in one of his epigrams a phrase is borrowed, one can hardly question, from Isaiah: *How art thou fallen from heaven, O Star of morning?* says Isaiah xiv. 12, πῶς ἐξέπεσεν ἐκ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ ὁ Ἑωσφόρος; Callimachus adapts this to be spoken by a lamp dedicated to Serapis at Canopus, ἐς δ' ἐμὰ φέγγη ἀβρήσας φήσεις, 'Ἐσπερε, πῶς ἔπεις;' *Regard my lights, and you shall say, 'O Star of eve, how art thou fallen?'*

On the other hand, I think that Orphic poems—whatever may have been their dates and origins—would have been enough to account for the ideas: and scholars probably may care to see some passages:

Human eyes too weak to behold God: Orphic verses (Abel p. 144) quoted by Justin. *Cohort.* 15:

οὐδέ τις ἴσθ' ἕτερος χωρὶς μεγαλοῦ βασιλῆος.
αὐτὸν δ' οὐχ ὁρώ· περὶ γὰρ νέφος ἱσθῆρικται·
πᾶσιν γὰρ θνητοῖς θνηταὶ κόραι εἰσιν ἐν ὄσσοις,
ἀσθενεῖς δ' ἰδέειν Δία τὸν πάντων μεδέοντα.

Sext. Emp. *adv. Gramm.* p. 285 ἡλίου τρόπον ἐπέχειν φασὶ τὸν Πύρρωνα, καθ' ὅσον ὁ θεὸς τὰς τῶν ἀκριβῶς εἰς αὐτὸν ἀτενιζόντων ὄψεις ἀμαυροῖ. Cf. Xen. *Mem.* iv. 3, 12 seqq.

Love incorporate with God: Orphic verses (Abel p. 202) say that Zeus is everything; He is

καὶ Μῆτις, πρῶτος γενέτωρ, καὶ Ἔρως πολυτερεπής·
πάντα γὰρ ἐν Ζηνὸς μεγάλῳ τάδε σώματι κείται.

H.

20

Proclus on Plat. *Alcib.* iii p. 88 ἐν γὰρ τῷ Διὶ ὁ Ἔρως ἐστί· καὶ γὰρ Μῆτις ἐστὶ πρῶτος γενέτωρ καὶ Ἔρως πολυτεράης, καὶ ὁ Ἔρως πρόεισιν ἐκ τοῦ Διὸς καὶ συννέπτη (of one substance) τῷ Διὶ πρῶτως ἐν τοῖς νοητοῖς· ἐκεῖ γὰρ ὁ Ζεὺς ὁ πανόπτης ἐστὶ καὶ ἄβρὸς Ἔρως, ὡς Ὀρφεὺς φησι.

Himself he loves : in Philostratus *Vit. Apollon.* iii. 35 p. 58 the Indian sage Iarchas explains that the elements came into existence all together ; that the κόσμος is a living creature, and bisexual : αὐτὸς γὰρ αὐτῷ συγγιγνόμενος τὰ μητρός τε καὶ πατρός ἐς τὴν ζωογονίαν πράττει, ἔρωτά τε ἑαυτοῦ ἴσχει θερμότερον ἢ ἑτερόν τι ἑτέρου, ὃς ἀρμόττει αὐτὸν καὶ ξυνίστησιν· ἀπεικὸς δὲ οὐδὲν ἑαυτῷ συμφύεσθαι.

Love that takes not wing, nor wounds : Themistius *de amicitia* p. 281 c, where figures seen in a vision are interpreted by Φρόνησις : ‘ αὕτη μὲν Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀλήθεια· ἡ δὲ ἐπικλίνουσα τὴν κεφαλὴν αὕτη καὶ ἀναπαυομένη καλεῖται μὲν Εὐνοία, χρῆται δὲ ἡ θεὸς αὐτῇ πρὸς ἅπαντα διακόνῃ· τὸ δὲ παιδίον ἐκείνο τὸ σεμνότερον τῆς ἡλικίας ὃ τὰ χρυσέα φέρει δεσμὰ ταῖν χερσὶν Ἔρως φιλίας ἐστὶν ὑπουργός· οὐκ ἔχει δὲ οὔτε πτερὰ οὔτε βέλη, οὔτε γὰρ πέτεσθαι βούλεται, καὶ ἀναίμακτον αὐτοῦ τὸ ἔργον· ἀλλ’ οἷους ἂν καλοὺς τε καὶ ἀγαθοὺς καὶ οὕτως ἀρμόζοντας ἴδῃ, τούτους συγκολλᾷ καὶ συνδεῖ· καὶ αὐτοῦ τὰ δεσμὰ ἅλντα καὶ ἄρρηκτα παντελῶς, καὶ μόνοις γάννυνται οἱ δεδεμένοι.’

Descriptions of Eros symbolically represented may be seen in Athenaeus 562 a—563 c, Propertius ii. 12, *Anth. Pal.* xvi. 194—215 ; and Goettling (quoted by Schneider i 448) upheld the genuineness of our epigram, maintaining that it was imitated in a picture of Zeus and Eros given by Aem. Braun *Vorschule zur Kunstmythologie* p. 10 tab. xv.

The awkward Latin has all the air of being a translation; the interlocutory form is Alexandrian (e.g. Poseidippus *A. P.* xvi. 275 on *Καιρός*) though used later too; and the antithetic turn of the last sentence—*οὗτος ὁ δ' ὑμέτερος* was surely the original—that is certainly Callimachus all over.

τίς φύσις is a phrase used in riddles, Athenaeus 450 e—451 e, by Theodectes of Phaselis on Shadow:

*τίς φύσις οὐθ' ὅσα γαῖα φέρει τροφὸς οὐθ' ὅσα πόντος
οὔτε βροτοῖσιν ἔχει γυνών αὐξησιν ὁμοίαν...*;

Antiphanes on a Letter:

ἵστί φύσις θήλεια βρέφη σώζουσ' ὑπὸ κόλποις.

οὐχὶ τιτρώσκει as in an epigram given by Bandini *Biblioth. Laurent. Catal.* II p. 336:

*φεύγετε τοξοφόρον τοῦτον τὸν Ἔρωτα· τιτρώσκει
καὶ τούτου περάει σώματα πάντα βέλη.*

Lucian i. 251, Xen. *Mem.* i. 3. 13.

καὶ περιωδυνήν with *τιτρώσκει* as *δάκνει δ' οὐκ ἄλλως ἢ θανατηφορίην* Maecius *A. P.* v 114.

Page 232. *Ait fuisse* is a Graecism not only in grammar but in the use of *ait*, which is *φησίν*, a word in which inanimate or voiceless things express their intention or significance: it is frequent in Philostratus *Imagines* and may be traced back through Theocritus i. 50 and Callimachus *A. P.* vi. 147 to Xenophanes i. 5.

Page 241. MELEAGER was by birth a Syrian of Palestine, born at Gadara, which in those days was a home

of the most refined Greek culture—a Syrian Athens, as he speaks of it himself :

ῥᾶσος ἐμὰ θέρπειρα Τύρος, πάτρα δέ με τεκνοῖ
 Ἀτθίς ἐν Ἀσσυρίοις ναιομένα, Γάδαρα.

His manhood was spent at Tyre and his old age in Cos. An appreciative account of him is given by Symonds *Greek Poets* II p. 314.

Page 243. *The wreath I wore*: Propertius ii. 34-59 :

*Me iuuet hesternis positum languere corollis,
 quem tetigit iactu certus ad ossa deus.*

But Meleager may have meant *The wreath she wore*.

Page 253. PHILODEMUS the Epicurean philosopher, also of Gadara, lived at Rome in Cicero's time.

Page 255. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS at the Byzantine court about 500 A.D.

Page 259. LUCIAN, about 120—200 A.D.

Page 261. PTOLEMY the astronomer, about 150 A.D.

PALLADAS, in the latter part of the fourth century A.D.

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